July 28, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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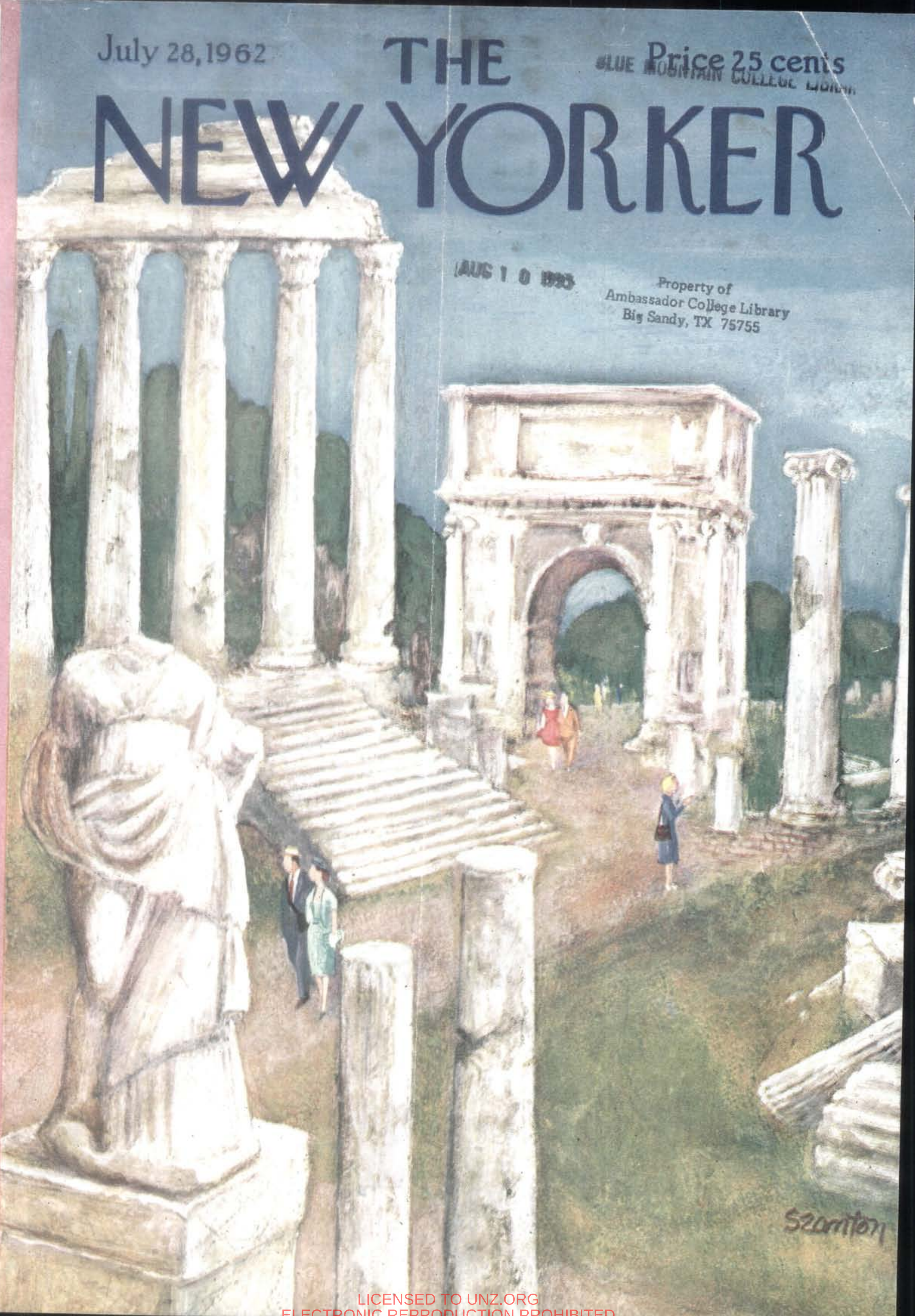

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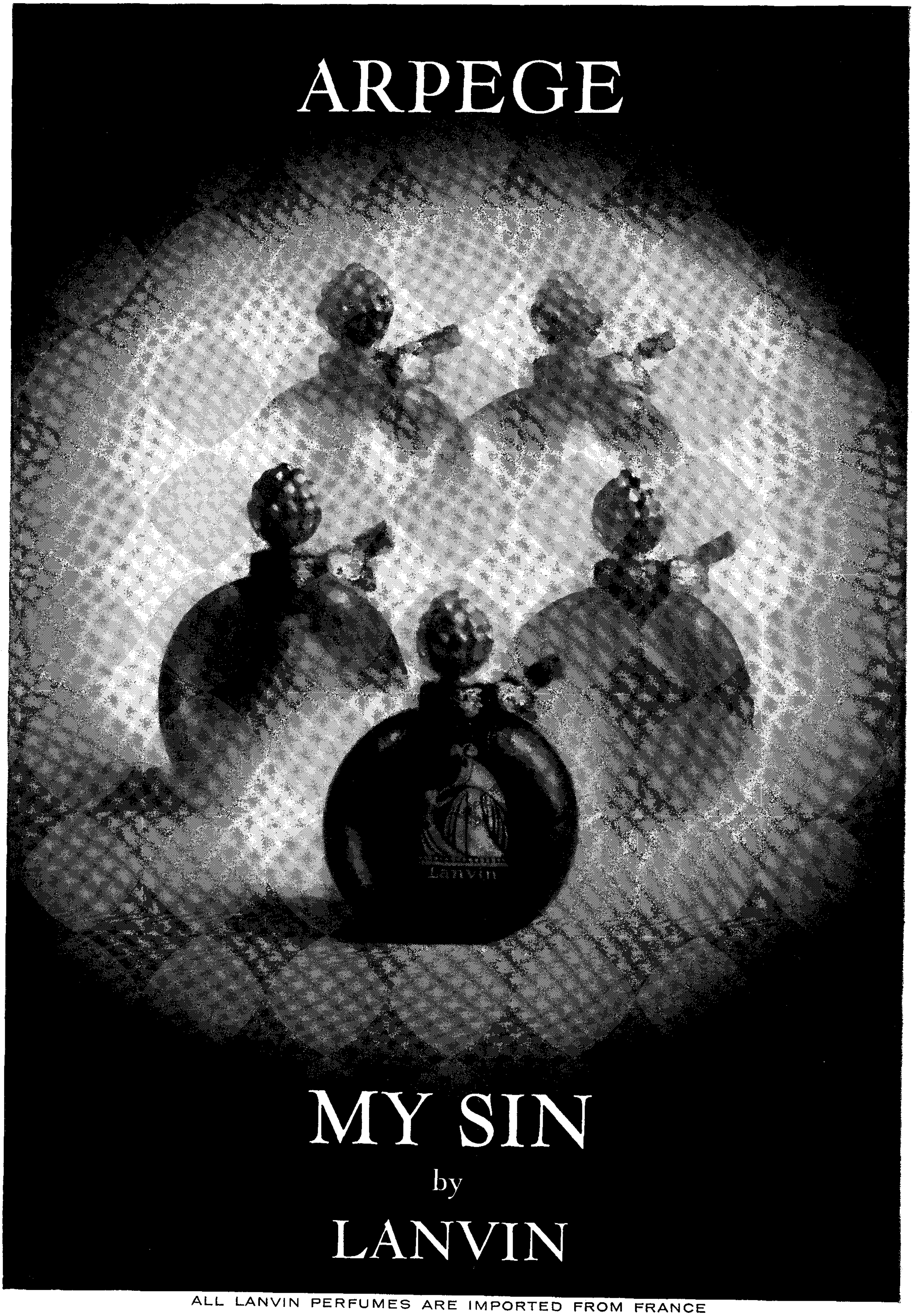
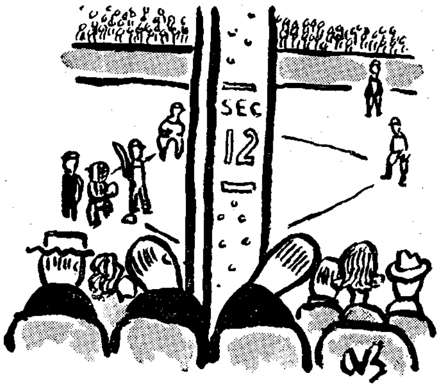

ARPEGE
MY SIN
by
LANVIN

ALL LANVIN PERFUMES ARE IMPORTED FROM FRANCE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, and Shelley Winters head the able cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Take Her, She's Mine—This comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst, is as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—come blow your horn: A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. Now with Tom Poston, Martin Huston, Lou Jacobi, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mary, mary:** Julia Meade (substituting for Barbara Bel Geddes), Barry Nelson (George Grizzard fills in for him on Mondays), and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **a shot in the dark:** It all turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy French maid. Julie Harris, William Shatner, Fritz Weaver, and Louise Troy figure in the cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show that was written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—camelot: How things were at the Round Table. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **carnival:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. Susan Watson, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Jane Kean are among those present. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **how to succeed in business without really trying:** A show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **milk and honey:** Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. The cast includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 1.) . . . **the sound of music:** Jeannie Carson in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—George Voskovec, Viveca Lindfors, Barbara Baxley, Michael Wager, Alfred Ryder, and David Hurst in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the

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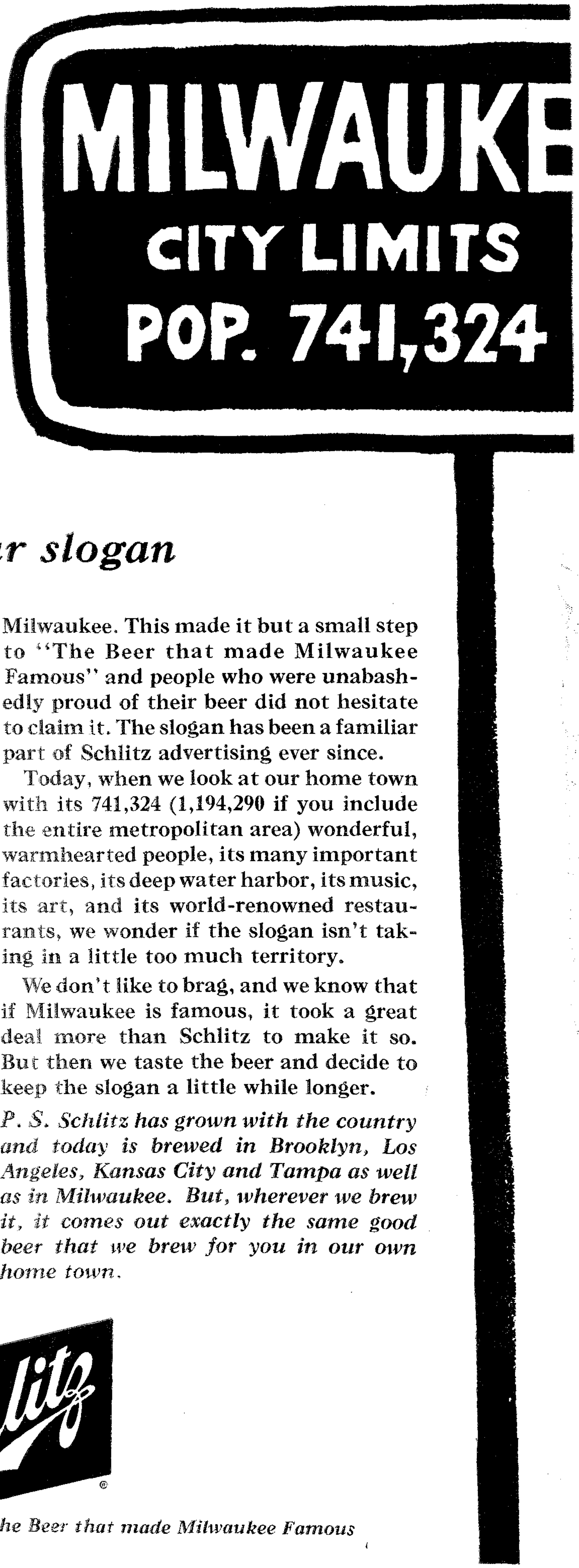
Our home town



–*and how it got into our slogan*

As far as we know, "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous" is the only well-known slogan that features the advertiser's home town.

It's been appearing in Schlitz advertising since shortly after Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lantern and started the Chicago fire.

As a matter of fact, that's really how the slogan began.

After the great fire Chicago was desperately short of water. Whether moved by charity or enterprise, the Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co. of Milwaukee, at that time a small but rising city, sent a ship loaded with beer to its parched southern neighbor.

The thirsty citizens of Chicago fell upon the Schlitz with understandable pleasure. The fire cooled and the water supply was restored, but as Chicago began to rebuild, people remembered that wonderful beer from Milwaukee, talked about it, and wondered where they could get more.

Schlitz had literally made Milwaukee beer famous far outside the city limits of Milwaukee. This made it but a small step to "The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous" and people who were unabashedly proud of their beer did not hesitate to claim it. The slogan has been a familiar part of Schlitz advertising ever since.

Today, when we look at our home town with its 741,324 (1,194,290 if you include the entire metropolitan area) wonderful, warmhearted people, its many important factories, its deep water harbor, its music, its art, and its world-renowned restaurants, we wonder if the slogan isn't taking in a little too much territory.

We don't like to brag, and we know that if Milwaukee is famous, it took a great deal more than Schlitz to make it so. But then we taste the beer and decide to keep the slogan a little while longer.

P. S. Schlitz has grown with the country and today is brewed in Brooklyn, Los Angeles, Kansas City and Tampa as well as in Milwaukee. But, wherever we brew it, it comes out exactly the same good beer that we brew for you in our own home town.

Schlitz ®

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

© Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Tampa, Fla.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and satisfactorily performed, from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as the young Dedalus. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, Clayton Corzatte gives a fine performance as a young medical student who tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "The Tempest," with Paul Stevens, James Earl Jones, and Kathleen Widdoes. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 4.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Easy lessons in how to live in glass houses. Music for the ritualistic dances requisite to the course is provided by Freddie Jagels' orchestra, one of the best in this particular business, and by Freddy Alonso's rumba band. The alcove called the Champagne Room gets along with Gleb Yellin's piano. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Phil Wayne's hey-diddle-diddle threesome does prancing music and Renato Rossini's guitar dreams of castles in Capri, Majorca, and Ibiza. Mondays, another band replaces the whole deal.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room rejoices all evening to the tune of Mark Monte's and Milt Shaw's dance bands, but pauses once a night during the week and twice a night weekends for a sheaf of songs by Kitty Kallen, who has profusions of grandeur. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's band, which does its exercise music Manhattan style, is at work in the Grill, possibly on the theory that a lot of New Yorkers will be coming to town this summer. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A summer place high up in the mountains, where everything is cool as cucumbers and right as rain (a commodity not permitted in this well-run climate). Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the Jean Berleaza ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite ballads in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): East Side, West Side, all around the town. Just beyond the dining-room tables, Budd Gregg plays piano after eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Rear-guard action on a limited basis (Monday through Thursday every week), since most of the constituents are over the sand dunes and far away. The sound track runs like this: the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight, the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria*. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A lot of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Romanesque are the architecture, the cuisine, the hubble, and the bubble. Through the plaza wanders a stream of earnest violinists, trailed (at a respectful distance) by two accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Among those present is Woody Allen, an author turned performer, and (in his desperate young way) a notably amusing one. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames produce a plenitude of owlish music and song. Closed Mondays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing, too, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warmhearted piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-

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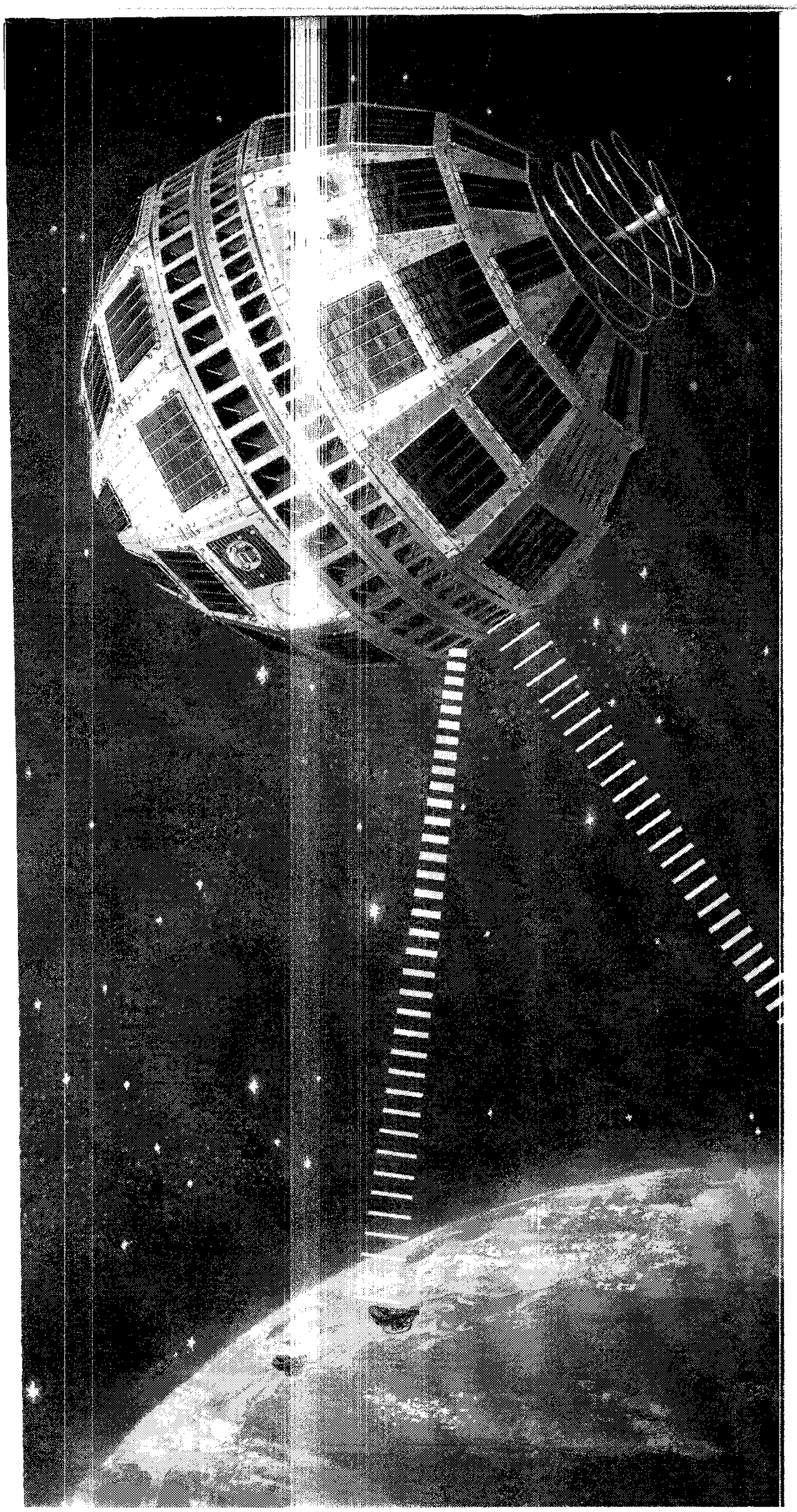


New "TELSTAR" relays phone calls and TV pictures for first time!

Bell System microwave-in-sky satellite is latest communications triumph for America arising from telephone research

The world's first private enterprise communications satellite is now being used for dramatic experiments in relaying telephone calls and television internationally.

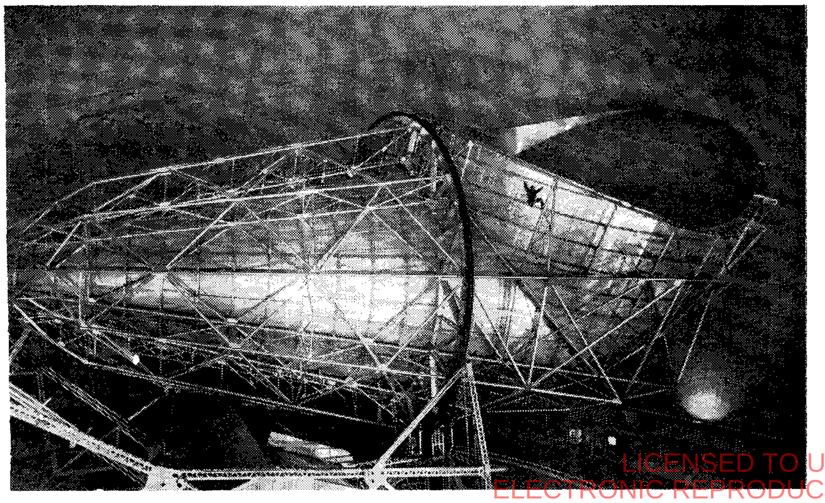
Its name: Telstar. It was launched from Cape Canaveral at Bell System expense by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Telstar receives signals beamed to it from a ground station, amplifies them and transmits them to another station on the ground below—perhaps an ocean away from the first one. The new satellite thus acts as a microwave relay station in the sky, enabling voices, TV pictures and data messages to leap thousands of miles in a new and exciting way.

The ground stations in the U.S. now being used for Telstar were built by the Bell System at Andover, Maine, and Holmdel, New Jersey. Organizations abroad have built stations in England and France. The latter, a near replica of the station in Maine, was assembled with Bell System cooperation. A receiving station in Italy will be ready late this year, and another in West Germany next year.

Telstar is a major experimental step toward a world-wide satellite communications system that was first proposed as a practical venture at Bell Telephone Laboratories. Progress toward such a system has depended on many contributions by the private communications industry, including six basic components—the transistor, the solar battery, the traveling wave tube, ruby masers, the waveguide, and new antennas for the ground stations with innovations in circuitry—direct outgrowths of Bell System research and development.

Above all else, Telstar is the latest achievement in an unending Bell System quest—the search for ways to make your telephone service still better, more economical, and more useful.



INSIDE GROUND STATION "RADOME" AT ANDOVER, MAINE. Giant antenna (note man near rim of horn) concentrates signals to Telstar in a narrow, powerful beam. The same antenna also receives extremely weak signals coming from Telstar and amplifies them billions of times.

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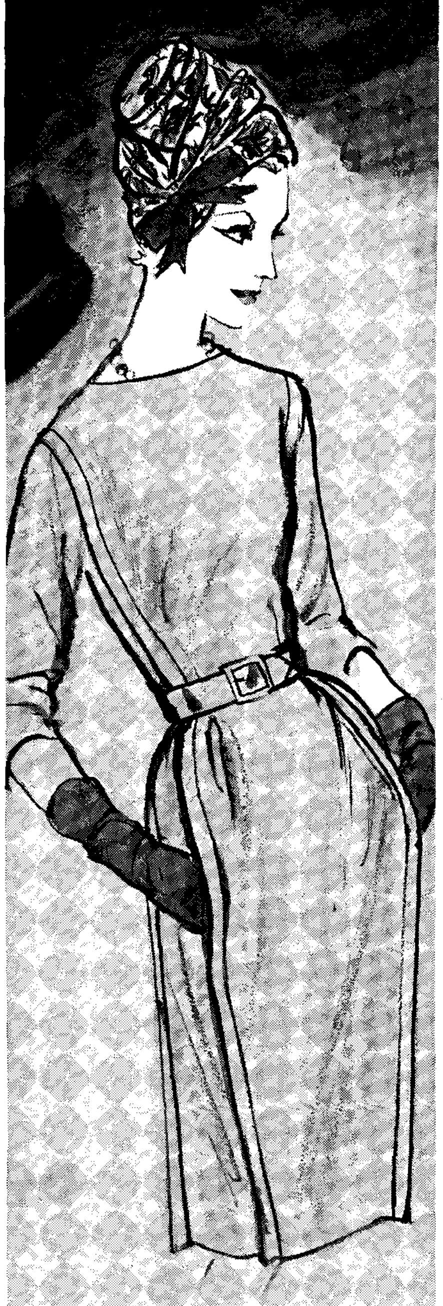

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3470): A Far West greenroom and grill that's the setting (after ten) for Cal Bostic's rumpus piano and song, and for Andy Hamon's rather soulful piano and song. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *La dolce vita* in a climate so salubrious that the young ladies can go about in whatever they happen to have, or not have, on. Some of them—the Wallenda aerial ballerinas—float in midair; the rest are all down-to-earth. This approximation of Polynesia is also peopled by Ford and Reynolds, a brace of comedians who are not very Polynesian or (come to think of it) very funny. On Wednesday, Aug. 1, these lads will be replaced by Jack Durant, a rough-and-ready talker. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): The cynosure of all eyes is Barbra Streisand, who hasn't yet decided whether to sound like a million far less accomplished singers or whether to be absolutely the most stirring soprano since Anita Ellis. Peter Daniels' trio humors her excellently on both counts. The three Phoenix Singers give folk music a force and a sense of fun that it so often lacks; Bob Lewis takes his pet old jokes out for an unhurried evening's stroll. . . . ¶ Late at night, in the lounge, the Daniels threesome does a reprise. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The "Seven Come Eleven" now on view is a second edition (mostly new words, entirely new cast), put together by Ben Bagley on a broader gauge. A little something has been lost in the translation. Around ten and midnight on weekdays, three *times on Fridays and Saturdays, not at all on* Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Ximenez-Vargas Ballet Español is proving—with arms, legs, throats, and eyes—that all Spaniards, though basically passion's playthings, are fun-loving rover boys and girls, too. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. On Thursday, Aug. 2, a new troupe of singers and dancers, who are Pan-American and pandemonium, will succeed the Ximenez crickets. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Though hemmed in by the exceedingly madding crowd, Matt Dennis is happily twining his light-as-air voice around mostly songs of his own making, in which the best ingredients obtainable are employed. His snap-the-whip piano and trio help him along.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running a quintet. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Milt Jackson and Connie Kay, at present the only active members of the Modern Jazz Quartet, are pro tem working their ideas out with a pair of new confreres; Ray Bryant's trio is racing lickety-split across the campus. On Tuesday, July 31, a new task force takes over: Bill Evans' latter-day trio, which is all spirit-and-polish, plus—and this is rather a rarity—a group led by Shelly Manne. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an exponent of everything-in-moderation, is filing her term paper on progressive piano with the assistance of a trio that includes Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Red Nichols, his Five Pennies, and Charlie Shavers' quintet are wholeheartedly engaged in shivering the timbres of the old-time music they can lay hands on. Guests take up the anvil chorus on Sundays. . . . ¶ Saturday night, there's Twist music, and the catatonic calisthenics that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Ramsey Lewis, a young Lochinvar, runs the piano for his new-era threesome; Mongo Santamaria's Latin septet brings up not only the rear but the temperature. The Santamarias, by the way, depart on Wednesday, Aug. 1. Extra-curricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Sonny Rollins, a cat who walks by himself through reams of fine abstract passages, has a quartet; Mose Allison has a trio. Both groups are willing to let the audience in on what they are doing to American music. Jim Hall is part of the Rollins parcel. Sunday, July 29, is their closing night; Monday, July 30, will be assigned to passing-through jazz groups, and Tuesday, July 31, will bring along two candidates for the seats of the mighty—Thelonious Monk and Coleman Hawkins, the one trailed by a quartet and the other by a quintet. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Thursday through Saturday is the current leisurely pace. On July 26-28, and again on Aug. 2-4, Duke Ellington's orchestra, with some new faces as well as the valiant old ones (Harry Carney, Johnny Hodges, et al.), will provide the wide, full-to-the-brim mainstream; a narrow, devious tributary flows from Chris Connor, who is never so happy as when she is getting all her tormented words in edgewise. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): As good a spot for the coffee or espresso break (with music) as the town affords. The Tarriers and their torrential folk songs bow out on Thursday, July 26; next evening the Clara Ward Singers, who introduce both bravura and buck-and-wing to the art of gospel hymns, take over. Tuesdays will be their nights of rest. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The minute you take your eye off the place, the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet sneaks back in and starts blowing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through Sept. 7. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figure paintings and seascapes; through Aug. 11. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—Monumental pieces for architecture and outdoor settings, by Jacques Lipchitz, Aristide Maillol, Fritz Wotruba, and other Americans and Europeans; through Friday, July 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: A summer show of new paintings by the gallery group, including Anton Refregier, Moses Soyer, and William Gropper; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . **DINTENFASS,** 18 E. 67th St.: Gallery artists (for instance, Antonio Frasconi, Robert Gwathmey, and William King) in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints; through Friday, July 27. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Among the twentieth-century artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures are Russell Cowles, Carl Morris, and George Rickey; through Friday, Aug. 3. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Raymond Puccinelli, and other gallery artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and water colors, by Childe Hassam, Paul Sample, and Adolf Dehn, to mention a few; through Friday, July 27. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Edward Dugmore, S. W. Hayter, Michael Lekakis,

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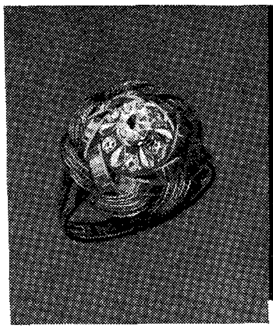
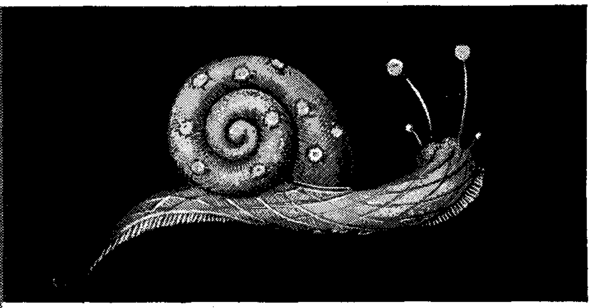

DIAMOND AND GOLD RING


DIAMOND STUDDED PIN

In a whimsical pin or a lovely necklace, or anything else you fancy, you can find charming designs that are dramatically becoming and wonderfully wearable. Or, a jeweler can make up a piece that's distinctively yours.

Your favorite jeweler will have lots of entrancing new ideas to show you. Some frankly fabulous. Some delectable, but less lavish. Fashion-wise, diamonds and gold make a favored combination, and a happy one. You'll find it in jewels that are beautifully right for both day and night. And a pleasant fact is, there are many joy-to-own pieces bearing modest price tags.

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A DIAMOND RING . . . Your diamond engagement ring will shine from your heart finger always, but other rings may follow. There are charming new designs for little-finger and "fancy" rings, for example, making lovely use of smaller diamonds. Some are to wear 'round the clock. Others are for gala occasions when you want to look your most dramatic.

PIN, CLIP OR BROOCH . . . Any of the pieces in this group, pin, clip or brooch, should be chosen to be very personally yours, a bit of glory you can wear with almost everything you own. While prices do, of course, vary widely, there's an exciting range of choice in the lower brackets.

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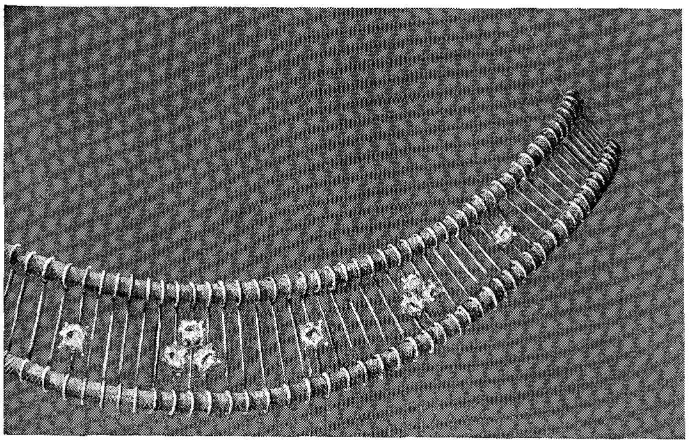
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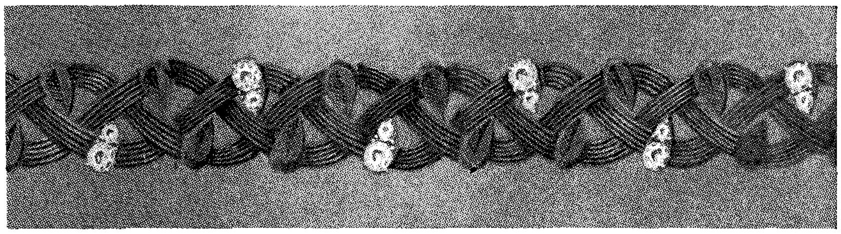
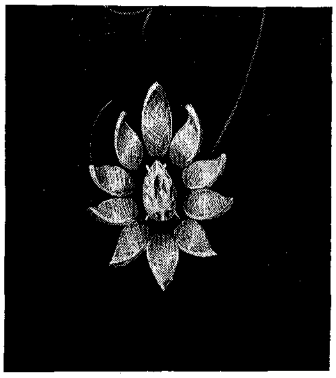
Shown are designer's sketches, ideas in diamonds.


BRACELET IN DIAMONDS AND GOLD

DIAMOND AND GOLD EARCLIPS



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and other gallery artists in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Aug. 24.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: A show of portraits (Jefferson by Rembrandt Peale, John James Audubon by John Syme, and so on) and other paintings and sculptures having to do with American history; through Aug. 31. . . . LEWISON, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by American and French artists, among them Preston Dickinson, André Lhote, and Maximilien Luce, plus bronze sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 10. . . . THIBAUT, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Harold Baumbach, Philippe Hosiasson, Umberto Mastroianni, and others; through Friday, July 27.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, Asger Jorn, and other painters, most of whom live in Paris; through Friday, July 27. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The ninth annual loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, consisting chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, by Degas, Monet, Renoir, and others. It is supplemented by a group of French sculptures by Rodin, Maillol, and others, lent by Mrs. Stephen C. Clark. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Chinese porcelains from the bequest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., notably several Ming three-color temple jars and K'ang-hsi vases and plates in *famille noire*, *famille jaune*, and *famille verte;* through Sept. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and what-not) gathered from seventeen countries; through Sunday, July 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Modern paintings and sculptures (by such artists as Braque, Gris, and Giacometti) from the collection of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller; through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and others; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A work apiece in various mediums by forty artists under forty, three of whom are Marcia Marcus, Robert Rauschenberg, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with items by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 26: Joseph Rosenstock conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28: Alfredo Antonini conducting a program of Italian music, with Roberta Peters, soprano, and Jan Peerce, tenor. . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting a Brahms festival. Tuesday, July 31: With Michael Rabin, violin. Wednesday, Aug. 1: With Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Joseph Schuster, cello. Thursday, Aug. 2: With Gary Graffman, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4: Josef Krips conducting a program of music by Johann Strauss, with Roberta Peters, soprano. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 11. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.) . . . ¶ Ignace Strasfogel conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Michael Tree, violin. (Tuesday, July 31, at 8:30.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—Richard Korn conducting an orchestra in the third in a series of six free weekly concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 26: The Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2: The Kenny Dorham-Jackie McClean quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

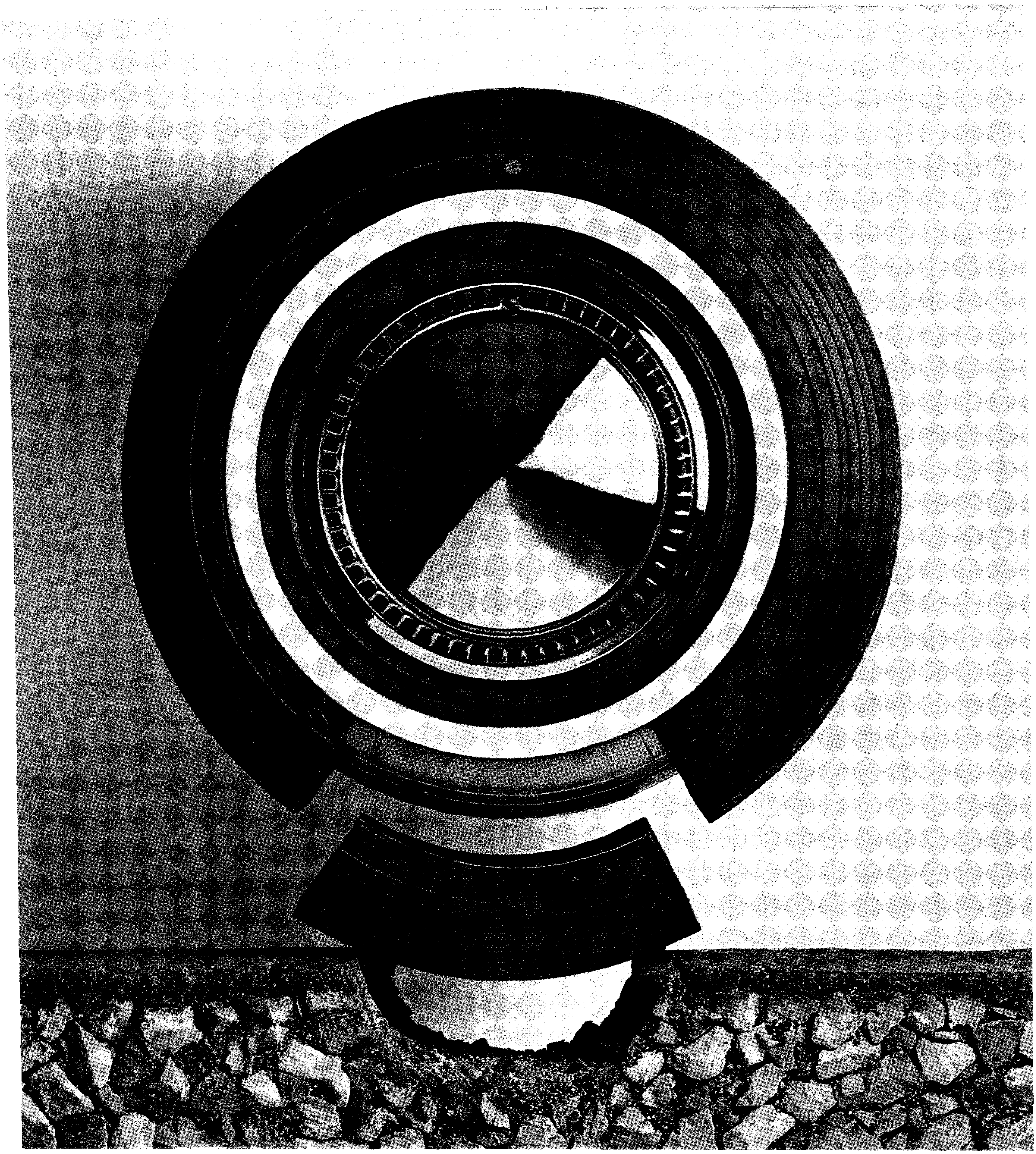
Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 27, at 8: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8: Charles Munch conducting, with Byron Janis, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 2:30: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Freda Gray-Massé, contralto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 8: A chamber-music program by the New York Chamber Soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 2, at 8: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops, with Earl Wild, piano. A benefit for the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 8: Charles Munch directing the Boston Symphony, with Samuel Mayes, cello, and the Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8: William Steinberg conducting a Beethoven-Bruckner program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 28, at 3:30: Shelly Manne and His Men. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 8:30: Stan Kenton's band. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 3, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 4, at 3:30: The Weavers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 8:30: Les Brown's band. (Lenox, Mass.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet in an all-Beethoven program. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 29, at 4.)

Silvermine Guild Chamber-Music Concerts—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Leonid Hambro, piano. (New Canaan, Conn. Sunday, July 29, at 8.)

Note—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 28: Antonio Medina



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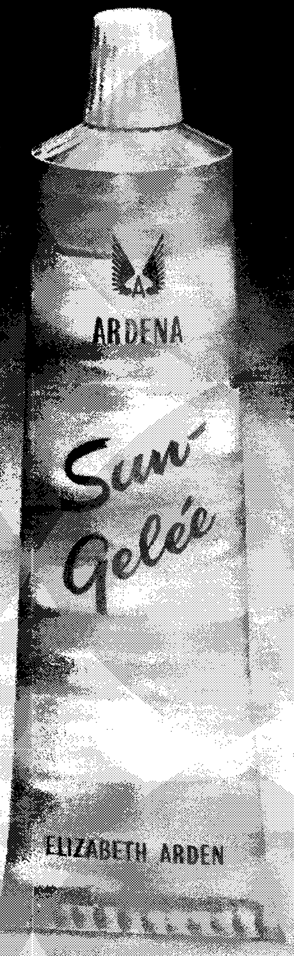

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and José Marseco, José Molina y Bailes Españoles, and Inesita. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 31-Aug. 4: Sonia Arova and Job Sanders, and Myra Kinch and her company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays, and Thursday, July 26, at 3:30.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, July 28: The companies of Charles Weidman, Lucas Hoving, and Ruth Currier. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4: Katherine Litz and Paul Taylor and his company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Evenings at 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, July 26, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Friday, July 27, at 8; Saturday, July 28, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:15, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio, Dizzy Dean, Hank Greenberg, and other major-league players who participated in the 1937 All-Star game); and Sunday, July 29, at 2 (doubleheader). . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 2, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 3, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 4, at 1 (doubleheader).

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Woodmere Club, Woodmere. Thursday through Sunday, July 26-29.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. Thursday through Sunday, July 26-29.)

POLO—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho: Sundays at 4.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 28. . . . **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2, from Monday, July 30, through Saturday, Aug. 25. The Flash, Monday, July 30; the Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 1; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 2; and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Sorority, Saturday, July 28; the Choice Stakes, Wednesday, Aug. 1; and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:45, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

SOCCER—International Soccer League—Sunday, July 29, at 2:30: Real Oviedo vs. Panathinaicos and Belenenses vs. Wiener S.C. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 1, at 6: First game of the two-game 1962 championship playoffs. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 4, at 10 A.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 5.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Wednesday, Aug. 1, through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's richly upholstered and exceptionally well-acted adaptation of the famous novel. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Day the Earth Caught Fire—A plausible English thriller, laid in a future that, thanks to our having set off too many bombs, threatens not to last very long. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 31.)

Hatari!—A visit of just under three hours to Tanganyika, a handsome country where the buffalo roam, along with elephants, monkeys, zebras, and rhinos. Their freedom is only slightly curtailed by the modest demands of the plot. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—A high-spirited translation into modern speech and dress of a famous and shocking eighteenth-century novel. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt, and the victims include Jeanne Valerie and Annette Vadim. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through July 31.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—Hilarious samples of the handiwork of an early master builder of sight gags. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Lolita—No longer a study in sexual perversity yet somehow faithful to the comic spirit of the novel and wonderfully acted by James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Money, Money, Money—Everyman's Guide to Counterfeiting, with Jean Gabin as a Grand Old Crook who oversees the production and distribution of a batch of fake Dutch guldens. The setting is Paris, the language is French, the mood is unfailingly comic. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Only Two Can Play—An underpaid librarian in a small town in Wales can think of hardly anything except making love, preferably not with his wife, and since Peter Sellers is the troubled thinker, this turns out to be a very amusing picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 1, tentative.)

Stowaway in the Sky—A romantic travelogue of France, supposedly seen through the eyes of a child in a balloon, and ideal for children not in balloons. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through July 29.)

A Taste of Honey—The rites of passage of an ugly, lonely girl in the slums of Manchester. It may seem strange to say so, but this is extremely funny as well as touching, thanks in large part to superb direction by Tony Richardson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

That Touch of Mink—A romantic farce, nimbly designed to accommodate the joint gifts of Doris Day and Cary Grant. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Through a Glass Darkly—Tolstoy's celebrated dictum about unhappy families is spelled out in bleak beauty by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote and directed the picture, and Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård, who enact it. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Aug. 1, tentative.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

Animal Farm (1954)—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, derived from a story by James Thurber. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

Robert Benchley One-Reelers—The master bumbler in "A Night at the Movies" (1937), "How to Sleep" (1935), and four other short films. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 30.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. A French film, with Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 26.)

The Devil Strikes at Night (1959)—Directed by Robert Siodmak, this German film deals with the Hitler regime's suppression of the fact that a mass slayer has been allowed to get away with some fifty murders. With Mario Adorf. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 31.)

The Entertainer (1960)—Laurence Olivier plays the role of a nasty little second-rate English music-hall performer. Also in the cast are Joan Plowright, Brenda de Banzie, and Roger Livesey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 27.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 26.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 26.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's jumbo job, with a cast including everyone who was in pictures then. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 30, at 6:45 and 10.)

The Kitchen (1961)—A short, ugly, extremely impressive rendering of life among the hard-pressed help of a big and probably dreadful London restaurant. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 31-Aug. 1.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 31-Aug. 1.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Sally Benson's stories of children in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 29-30, last showing at 3:40.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 27-28.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 26.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 29-30.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 26.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 28.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 27-28.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway; OR 4-3210; July 27-30.)

Tunes of Glory (1960)—A peacetime Scottish regiment in the throes of a power struggle between two colonels. Alec Guinness and John Mills are the adversaries. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 29-31.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 29-30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through July 28, showings at 3 and 5:30 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "Ball of Fire" (1942), with Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ July 29-31, showings at 3: "Air Force" (1943), with John Garfield and Harry Carey. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 1, showings at 3 and 5:30: "To Have and Have Not" (1944), with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Notorious Landlady," Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HATARI!

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THAT TOUCH OF MINK.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 1 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 31 (tentative): "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara; and "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.
From Aug. 1 (tentative): "Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman; and "Samar," George Montgomery.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 31: **THE DAY THE EARTH CAUGHT FIRE;** and "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
From Aug. 1: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 28: "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara; and "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.
From July 29: "Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through July 29: **STOWAWAY IN THE SKY.**
From July 30: "A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Notorious Landlady," Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
THE HORSE'S MOUTH, revival; and "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 31: "Jack the Giant Killer," Kerwin Mathews.
From Aug. 1: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 31: "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara; and "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.
From Aug. 1: "Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman; and "Samar," George Montgomery.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 26: **SHADOWS,** revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
July 27-30: **TIGER BAY,** revival; and "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.
From July 31: "The Eternal Return," revival, Jean Marais; and "The Strange Ones," revival—both Jean Cocteau films, in French.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
July 26: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian), revival; and "Man in a Cocked Hat," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
July 27-28: "Never on Sunday" (in Greek and English), revival, Melina Mercouri, Jules Dassin; and "Marie-Octobre" (in French), revival, Danielle Darrieux.
July 29-31: **TUNES OF GLORY,** revival; and "Friendly Persuasion," revival, Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire.
From Aug. 1: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
July 26: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand.
July 27-28: "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
July 29-30: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** and **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
July 31-Aug. 1: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Shoot the Piano Player" (in French), Charles Aznavour, Marie Dubois.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 31: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French).
From Aug. 1 (tentative): **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"A Matter of WHO," Terry-Thomas, Sonja Ziemann.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Strangers in the City," Robert Gentile, Camilo Delgado.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
MONEY, MONEY, MONEY (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 26: **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival; and **THE HUSTLER,** revival.
July 27-28: **NINOTCHKA,** revival; and **SUSPICION,** revival.
July 29-30 (last showing at 2:15): **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS,** revival; and "Hot Spell," revival, Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.
July 30, at 6:45 and 10: **INTOLERANCE,** revival.
July 31-Aug. 1: **THE KITCHEN,** revival; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 31: "The Road to Hong Kong," Bob Hope, Bing Crosby; and "The Nun and the Sergeant," Robert Webber, Anna Sten.
From Aug. 1: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer; and "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

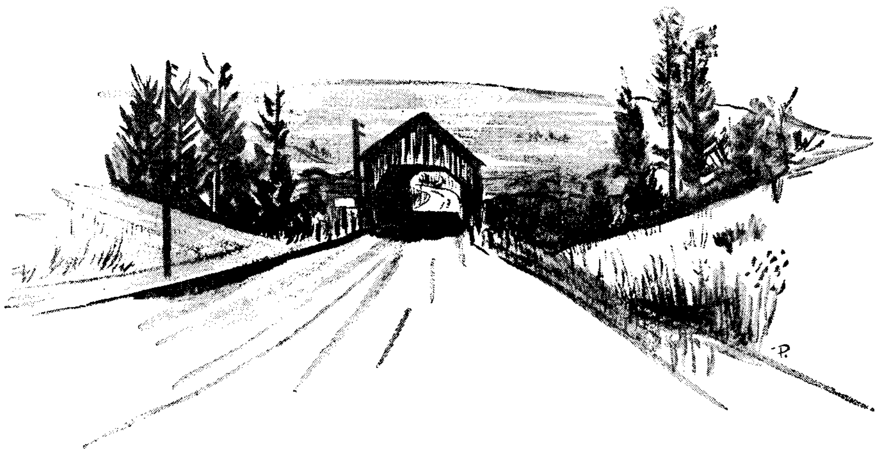
THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 26: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
July 27: **THE ENTERTAINER,** revival; and **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES,** revival.
July 28: **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.
July 29: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival; and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian), revival, Galina Ulanova.
July 30: **ANIMAL FARM,** revival; and **ROBERT BENCHLEY ONE-REELERS,** revivals.
July 31: **THE DEVIL STRIKES AT NIGHT** (in German), revival; and "Démoniaque" (in French), revival, François Périer, Micheline Presle.
Aug. 1: A program of nine short films of the dance—"Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker Suite," "Pavlova Dances," and others.

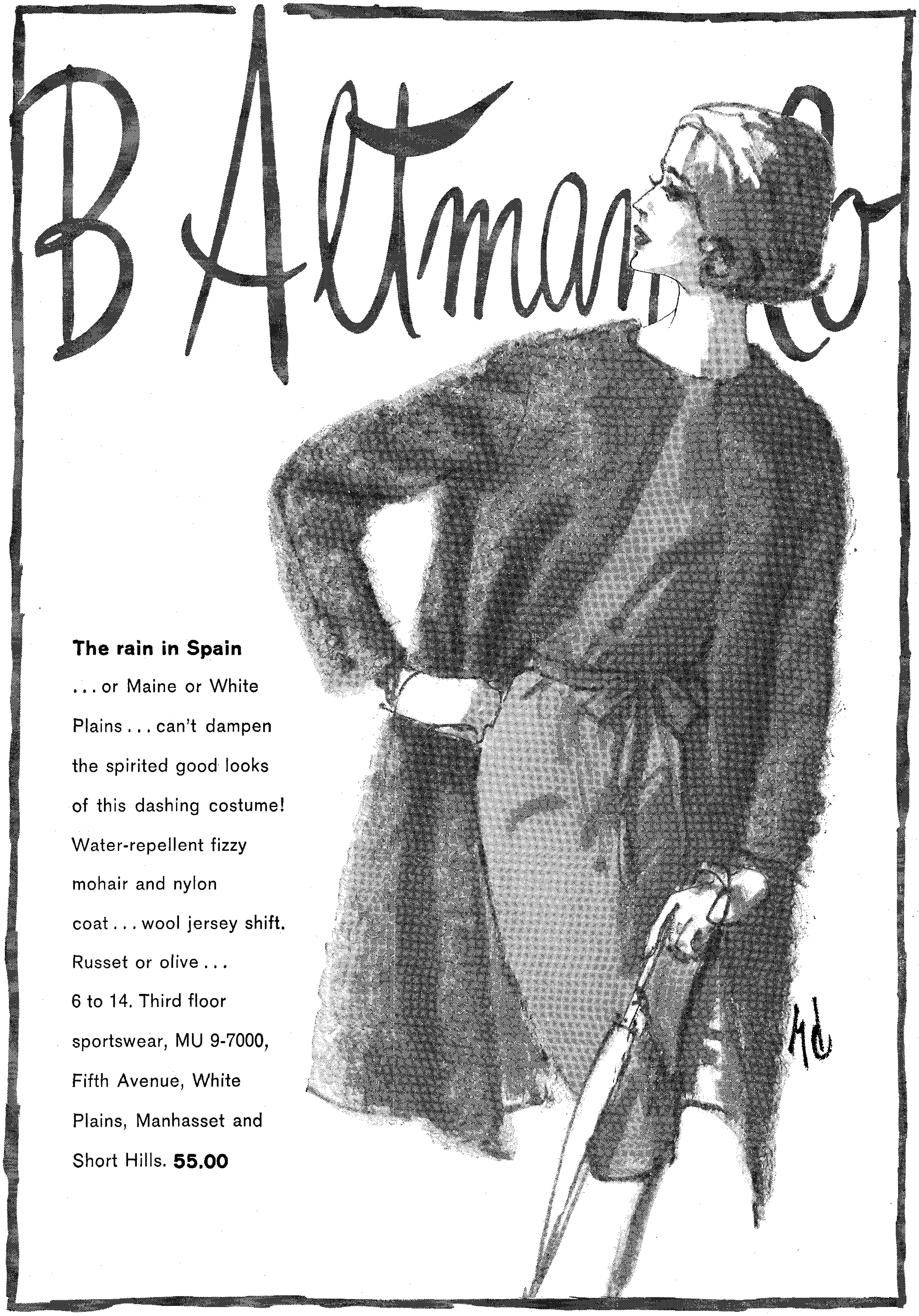
RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara; and "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 31: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French).
From Aug. 1 (tentative): **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"Ben-Hur," revival, Charlton Heston, Jack Hawkins.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 31 (tentative): "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara; and "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.
From Aug. 1 (tentative): "Bon Voyage!," Fred MacMurray, Jane Wyman; and "Samar," George Montgomery.





The rain in Spain

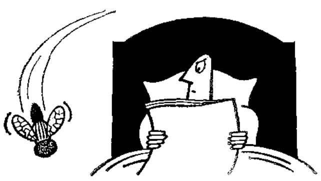
. . . or Maine or White Plains . . . can't dampen the spirited good looks of this dashing costume! Water-repellent fizzy mohair and nylon coat . . . wool jersey shift. Russet or olive . . . 6 to 14. Third floor sportswear, MU 9-7000, Fifth Avenue, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. **55.00**

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

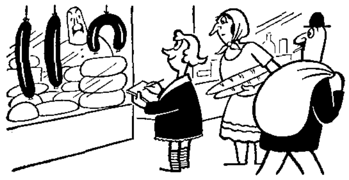
Notes and Comment

WITH Mr. Khrushchev, we can be certain, the more seemingly flip a remark of his is, the more thought he has put into it, or how are we to explain the aptness of his sayings, their memorability, and their success at making world headlines? Last week, he said he had a rocket that could hit "a fly in outer space," and we are convinced that the choice of a fly was not accidental. If he had wished merely to establish the hairsplitting accuracy of his rockets, he might have chosen a flea; if he had wished to establish the toughness of his target, he might have chosen a cockroach, which some radiologists claim has the best "survival possibilities" in nuclear war of practically any living thing. We believe that Mr. Khrushchev chose the fly because, of all the pests, it surely remains the greatest Enemy of the People. As it happens, the other morning in bed, we looked up from the *Times'* lead story containing the Premier's boast to find that this conspiracy of nature had entered our bedroom. There, close to the light bulb, was a fly, making now a circle, now a figure eight. Apparently spotting us with its two thousand to twelve thousand reddish eyes (because we were unable to determine its species, it was difficult for us to assess the full extent of its gaze), it swooped down toward the foot of our bed. We thought of reaching out and swatting it with the newspaper, but we didn't. It wasn't just the weight of lethargy that held us back but recognition of the futility of the gesture. We remembered reading in some college textbook that there are about eighty thousand species of these monsters, that each of their females can lay three thousand eggs in her lifetime, that each year they can produce between five and twenty generations of offspring. In our head (the fly was now moving in toward the pillow) we started multiplying—the species times the eggs times the generations—and all of a sudden the room became filled with the buzz of trillions upon trillions of two-winged, two-haltered, six-legged, darkish-brown insects. Soon the bedroom, the living room, the kitchen—every room in the house—seemed alive with the swish and zoom of ever-thickening clouds of the conspirators. We could understand why Mr. Khrushchev wanted to hit a fly in outer space, assuming there *is* a fly in outer space.



Lady Guide

DOES it take an out-of-towner to appreciate New York? We recently reported in these pages on Mr. Hal Negbaur, a real-estate man from Kansas City, Missouri, who is very much alive to the joys of Manhattan, and now we give you Mrs. Kate Simon, of 3 East Eighty-second Street, who began life in Warsaw, Poland, and has just issued a revised edition of her "New York Places and Pleasures: An Uncommon Guidebook," a paperback that has sold over a hundred thousand copies since its first appearance, three years ago. We invited her to have a drink with us at the Algonquin bar, which, to our astonishment and gratification, she told us she had never set eyes on before. "One-third of my book's material is entirely new, but, like all guidebooks, this one is already a liar," she said. "Some of the shops and restaurants it describes have folded or moved since it went to press. Most guidebooks are peculiar animals; they either tell you too much or leave out essential facts. Mine is subjective. I really started to work on it, without knowing that I was doing so, at fourteen, during summer vacation from high school in the Bronx, when I embarked on what turned out to be a series of summer jobs—baby-sitting, clerking at the five-and-ten, setting stones in paste ornaments for a firm way downtown, and so on. I wandered around the city with fascinated curiosity. When I began to write the book, much later, I already knew a great many restaurants—I love to eat out. I'd spend a day walking and a day writing. I walked Third Avenue for a week or more, stopping in at places and taking notes. A street like Park Avenue makes no demands, and now Third Avenue is getting to be just as dull. In some of the less sophisticated areas, people overwhelmed me with attention, some of it suspicious. They assumed that I must be trying to sell them something, or that I must be a tax collector, a truant officer, or a public-health nurse—someone from the enemy world, the world that speaks perfect English. But that didn't happen with Mr. Louis Cohen, of the Eagle Bag & Burlap Co., on Fulton Street, where no bag or burlap is in sight but where you find foghorns, bizarre knives, Chinese camphorwood chests, and Persian rugs. After the first edition of the guidebook came out, and I was revisiting him to check his place for the second, he fell on me, kissed me, told me he had got several hundred customers from the book, and asked me for the names of my dead relatives. He said he wanted to pray for them on Yom Kippur."



Mrs. Simon, a blond, pretty woman with curly hair and got up in a stylish black dress, smiled reminiscently, and we asked her about her life before she was fourteen. "My mother brought me and my brother here in steerage when I was four," she said. "My father, who was a shoemaker, had come on ahead to establish himself. It was the usual immigrant story. We moved from the lower East Side to Harlem to the Bronx. Some of the Santini family, the moving-and-storage people, were neighbors of ours. The Italian babies in our vicinity often got sick from eating spaghetti and garlic, and my mother helped nurse them. She was calm and competent, and became kind of a block nurse. I learned a great deal about the world in that little enclave."

Mrs. S., who has been once widowed and once divorced, went to Hunter College, and after graduating she worked for the Book-of-the-Month Club, for a printing firm, for *Publishers' Weekly*, and as a book reviewer for the *New Republic*. "I reviewed C. P. Snow's early novels, which I admire immensely," she said. "I sat for a painter, and I went in for a rather intensive period of painting myself. I visited Mexico for a few months in the nineteen-forties and have been going back there ever since. I recently spent a year there, working on a Mexican 'Places and Pleasures,' which I've just finished. It's wonderful to finish a book, but you *miss* it. I give only a couple of paragraphs to Acapulco, which to me is not what's endearing about Mexico, but a great many pages to Guanajuato, which is. It's one of those angry-cat cities. It doesn't wag its tail at you, the way a dog does."

We asked which of her guidebooks she preferred, the Mexican one or the New York one, and she said, "Well, New York's an operatic city, but, of course, Mexico has great ruins, which New York doesn't have. And there's a wonderful cadenced jungle there—utter stillness, in some places, except for the howling of monkeys. But I do like my apartment here. For a time, there was a large hole in the ground next to it, which began to bang and whistle every morning. You know, the men on demolition and construction jobs like to come very, very early and shout. It's the only aspect of the class war that is left."

She gave us a copy of the revised "New York Places and Pleasures," and we've since read it with pleasure—especially the hundred-page essay preceding the listings proper, which includes such asides as "The Tiber is hardly navigable by anything but orange peel; and the Arno is, for most of the year, a moist laceration." Dare we look a gift horse in the mouth? We suggest that the third edition, which Mrs. Simon told us is scheduled for the year of the World's Fair, include a revision of such orthographic flights as "*de rigeur*" (page 66), "tourquoise" (page 119), and "decibles" (page 203), and a more precise location for the Café Brittany. "807 Ninth Avenue (near 52nd St.)" is close, but "(between 53rd and 54th Sts.)" would win a cigar. We also think that the attribution of "postcards, treacly with sentiment" to a Spanish record-and-book shop at 670 Ninth Avenue might be dropped. Treacly postcards are our dish, so we went right over after reading this description and read it to Mrs. R. Fernandez, the proprietor's wife. "Oh, that book!" she said. "We don't carry postcards any more, and they never *were* treacly. My husband hasn't an ounce of sentiment in his nature."

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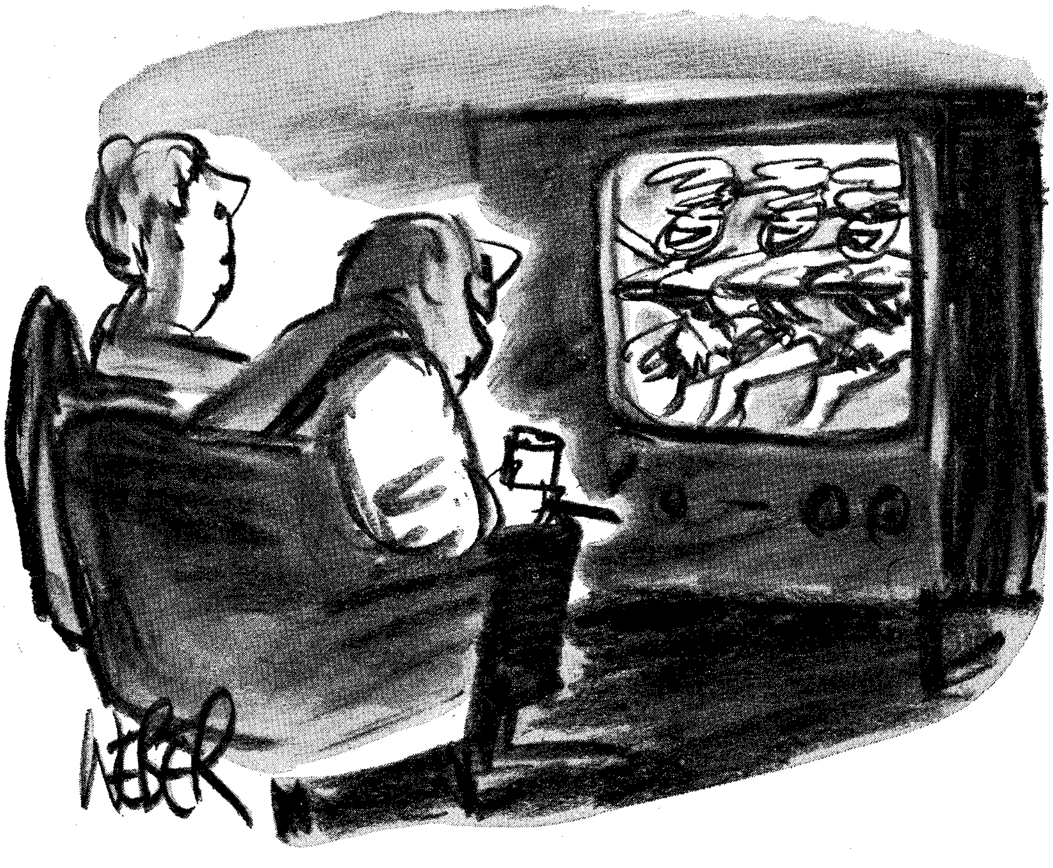
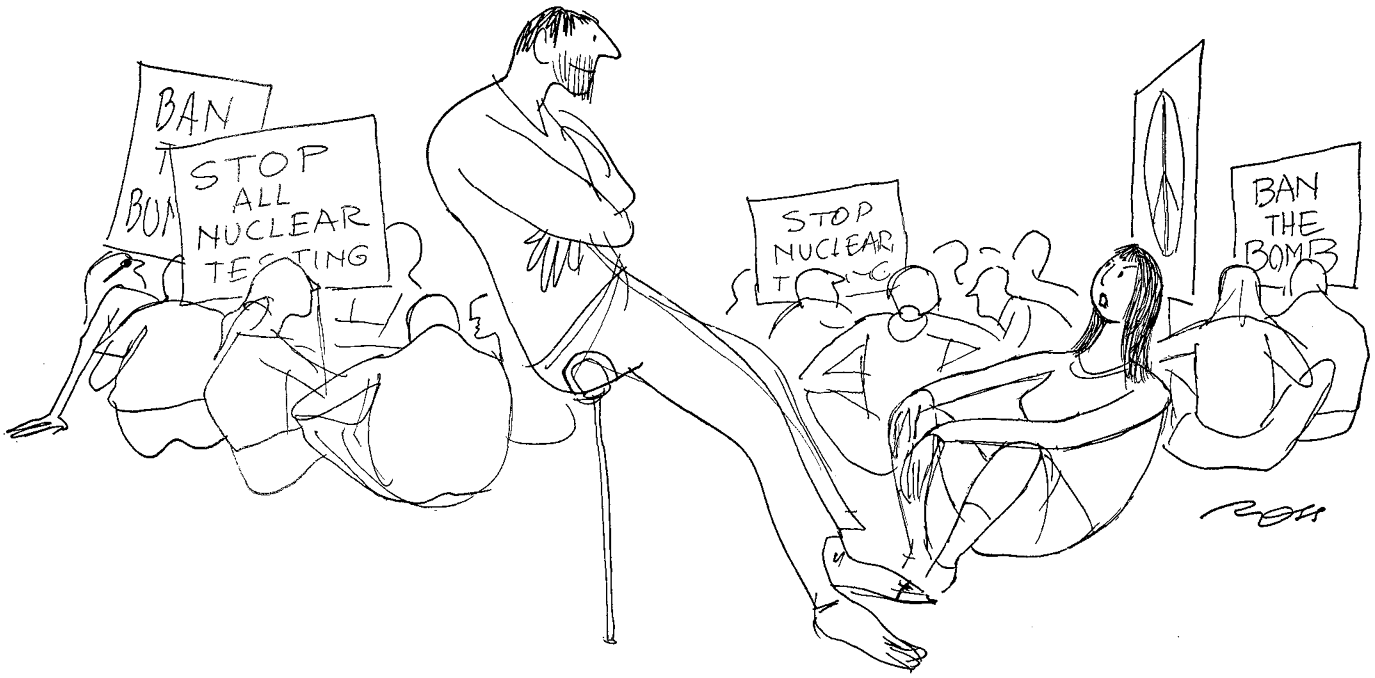
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Red River Ice Plant, in South Harwich, Massachusetts, proudly advertises "sparkling, taste-free, ice-cold ice."

Realism

THE annual boom in the filming of television commercials for the coming season is on right now, and we were easily lured, one soggy day last week, to a new, fresh-cement-smelling production studio on West Fifty-ninth Street, near the river, to see one made. This particular drop in the TV-commercial bucket—it's a fifty-million-dollar bucket—was to celebrate the virtues of Liberty Mutual Insurance, which was represented, in the usual hierarchy of television, by the advertising agency Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, which, in turn, had enlisted the services of an independent firm known as Elektra Film Productions, and it was the president of Elektra, Abe Liss, a slight man with a modest air, a soft-sell voice, and a black beard like young Dr. Freud's, who took us in tow. "The move today is toward realism and believability," Mr. Liss said mildly as he led us up to a sound-stage group of sports-shirted movie-makers sitting around on canvas chairs, hovering over a thirty-five-millimetre camera on a dolly, or standing under five-thousand-watt cone lights and seven-hundred-and-fifty-watt spotlights. "What we do at Elektra is try to have some respect for the audience. No talking down. No turning the stomach into a machine. They say that hypochondriacs like to see a stomach that looks like a machine, but not me. The horrible part of this business is it's very competitive, and you usually wind up working for everybody who asks you. Still, I like to think that if you're an artist, you try to find your way in many areas. Every problem has its special solution.



"Live from Paris! What hath God wrought?"



"Look, Peter, either protest all the way or don't protest at all."

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We always try for a new and fresh approach—not loud. My attitude is we're imposing on the audience; we have an obligation to entertain it. Here we've been doing industrial-accident-prevention commercials, and now we're working on one that shows how Liberty Mutual rehabilitates injured hands. We put in eight weeks of work on the production, during which we made a story board—drawings showing each sequence of each film. The ad agency's writer went up to Liberty Mutual's Rehabilitation Center, in Boston, and researched the facts, and then worked with us on the story board. The agency's own story board, prepared by its art director, is, as you see, set up here. It winds up 'The Man Who Sells Protection in Depth Works Only for Liberty Mutual. Call Him In.' Most of these props that you see around—the blood-plasma-transfusion setup, the finger-pulling weight machine—come directly from Boston. We've already filmed 'Exercise,' 'Encouragement,' and 'Cut to Therapist As She Massages Man's Hands.' Those scenes have been crossed out on the board. They're getting ready now to shoot 'Thumb Exercise.' "

"How long will this movie run?" we asked.

"Sixty seconds," Liss replied. "There are two films of one minute each. We spend a day of actual shooting on each film. We get paid nine thousand dollars for each one. The studio rental costs three hundred dollars a day. Camera and lenses, a hundred dollars a day. Film costs about fifty dollars a day. Our cameraman gets paid a hundred and fifty dollars a day. Our makeup man, seventy-five dollars a day—actors are not allowed to put on their own makeup. Assistant cameramen and assistant directors, fifty dollars a day. Electricians, grips, script clerks, and about a dozen of the other people you see standing around here, they get about fifty dollars a day, too. In addition to which we have two Elektra staff men—a director and a camera director—who each get about three hundred and fifty dollars a week in salary. We've got two actors under the lights, as you can see—the worker being given therapy, and a lady therapist. They get about a hundred dollars a day each. Each actor gets additional pay, called residuals, for repeated use of a commercial—it can run into the thousands—which is one fee that the client pays, thank God."

"That li'l old winemaker must be making a fortune," said an assistant director who was standing nearby. "He's been on for years. Every time he's shown, he gets paid residuals."

"I got a friend, a very chic actor," a grip said. "He's the one they always get when they need someone in black tie, because he's so chic, so *believable*. They always call on him. He just bought himself a *yacht!*"

"All part of the truth trend," Liss said.

"Realism!" the grip said. "Some of them housewives they show selling stuff, my own opinion is they're so real they're driving the men *out* of the home, *away* from the set."

Liss led us closer to the camera and introduced us to a B. B. D. & O. man named Earl McNulty, a Liberty Mutual physical therapist from Boston named Ann Fleischhauer, and the director of the film, Paul Harvey. Harvey was explaining that he wanted what he called "a sober-congenial atmosphere" for a two-second scene of the one-minute movie that would show a therapist giving a worker a thumb exercise. "There's a difference between reality and camera reality," Harvey said. "Through camera reality, we give the impression of more reality."

"The American Physical Therapy Association is going to be watching us," Miss Fleischhauer said. "It's got to be realistic, you know."

"The possibilities are infinite," McNulty said. "We'll shoot and shoot until we get the shot that looks best."

"When they do that thumb grasp, the fingers have got to *bend*," Miss Fleischhauer said. "The thumb grasp is important. It's the difference between man and the ape."

"We got the finger-weight scene authentic, we'll get the thumb-grasp scene authentic," Harvey said. "Even if I have to go gray."

"That's why I've stressed the Therapy Association patch that the girl wears," Miss Fleischhauer said.

"Action!" called the director, and everybody went back to his station, whereupon the camera rolled on the two-second thumb scene. At the end of it, we fell in with the two principals of the drama. The actor was Bob Pointer, a handsome young man with a Texas drawl, who told us that he is a ninetynine-per-cent television-commercial actor, and that he has five children to support. "I smoke cigarettes and puff smoke out for the cameras," he said. "I have played the parts of a new-car owner, a doctor plugging insurance, a smoker of Phillies cigars (they let me dress the way I like, in blue jeans, denim shirt, mackinaw, and one of my Texas hats, which I love so much), a husband in a supermarket buying soap, and a husband kissing his wife in the doorway of his home, for Quaker Oats. The idea of that one is you eat oats and go off to work full of pep. I've had to kiss some pretty old clams in front of the camera. It's my only regret, as an actor. Otherwise, I usually feel pretty real."

"I'm a *real* registered nurse," the actress, an attractive, dark-haired girl named Eleanor Lewis, told us. "I've worked in obstetrics at Doctors Hospital, for people like Hal March's wife and Otto Preminger's wife, but I've also had training as an actress and as a singer. I still do nursing when things get slow."

"Do they ask you if you like their products?" Pointer said to her. "They do me."

"Almost always," Miss Lewis replied. "They want authenticity."

"You see?" Liss said to us. "The move toward realism."

Summer Correspondence

NO summer, we're afraid, is complete without its ration of camp letters. So let the festivities proceed with two related communications. A local couple we know sent their daughter to a French camp upstate, and after a week they received a postcard and a letter from her. The card read, "*Chers Maman et Papa: Je trouve que ce camp est formidable. Je me porte bien. Il y a un piano dans la grande pièce. On ne travail pas. Babette.*" The letter read, "Dear Mom and Dad: We were ordered to write that postcard, but really everything is all right. Babette."

Masai Visitor

BOY, is the Encyclopædia Britannica in need of revision! After stating, of one of the chief tribes of Tanganyika, that "the Masai are a tall, well-built, slender people with good features and well-defined noses," our 1960 edition of this compendium goes on, in part:

> The two lower incisors are removed. . . . The warriors wear their hair plaited into queues hanging down the back and over the forehead. . . . The Masai keep cattle (of the humped Zebu type), sheep and goats, donkeys and dogs, and the cattle cult is a feature of their culture. . . . Women and old men eat flour and vegetables in addition to the milk, blood and meat which form the staple diet of the tribe. . . . Their weapons are spears (both broad- and narrow-bladed), clubs and a peculiar sword. . . . The system of initiation and age-grades (admission depends primarily on age and is associated with puberty rites) is the basic feature of Masai social life. . . . The centre of political gravity is with the warrior class. . . . The [tribal] magician (*oloiboni*), a hereditary office, is the chief adviser. Religion is a mixture of ancestor-worship and the worship of *Engai*, the "sky." . . . The ancestor cult is associated with certain trees, notably the fig, and with a reverence for snakes, the python and the cobra predominating.

We have reprinted this passage because we have just come from our first meeting with a Masai—Mr. Onesmo Moiyoi, a nineteen-year-old senior at the Old Moshi Senior School, in Moshi, Tanganyika, who had been spending a month in this country, under the auspices of the New York Zoological Society, in order to make a wildlife film in Yellowstone National Park, with an assist from the Ford Foundation. Mr. Moiyoi, who wound up his trip with a two-day stay at the Williams Club, as the guest of a Society member, is indeed tall, well-built, and slender, with good features and a well-defined nose, but his incisors are intact; his hair is cut short; he does not drink blood (he had two bottles of ginger ale with us at a midtown hotel); he is a Lutheran, and doesn't give a fig for cobras; he regards cattle as primarily a source of milk and steaks; and he advised us that his people are not allowed to carry spears or clubs today except for occasional ceremonial get-togethers. "They don't even *make* spears any more," he said. "Our spears now come from Germany."

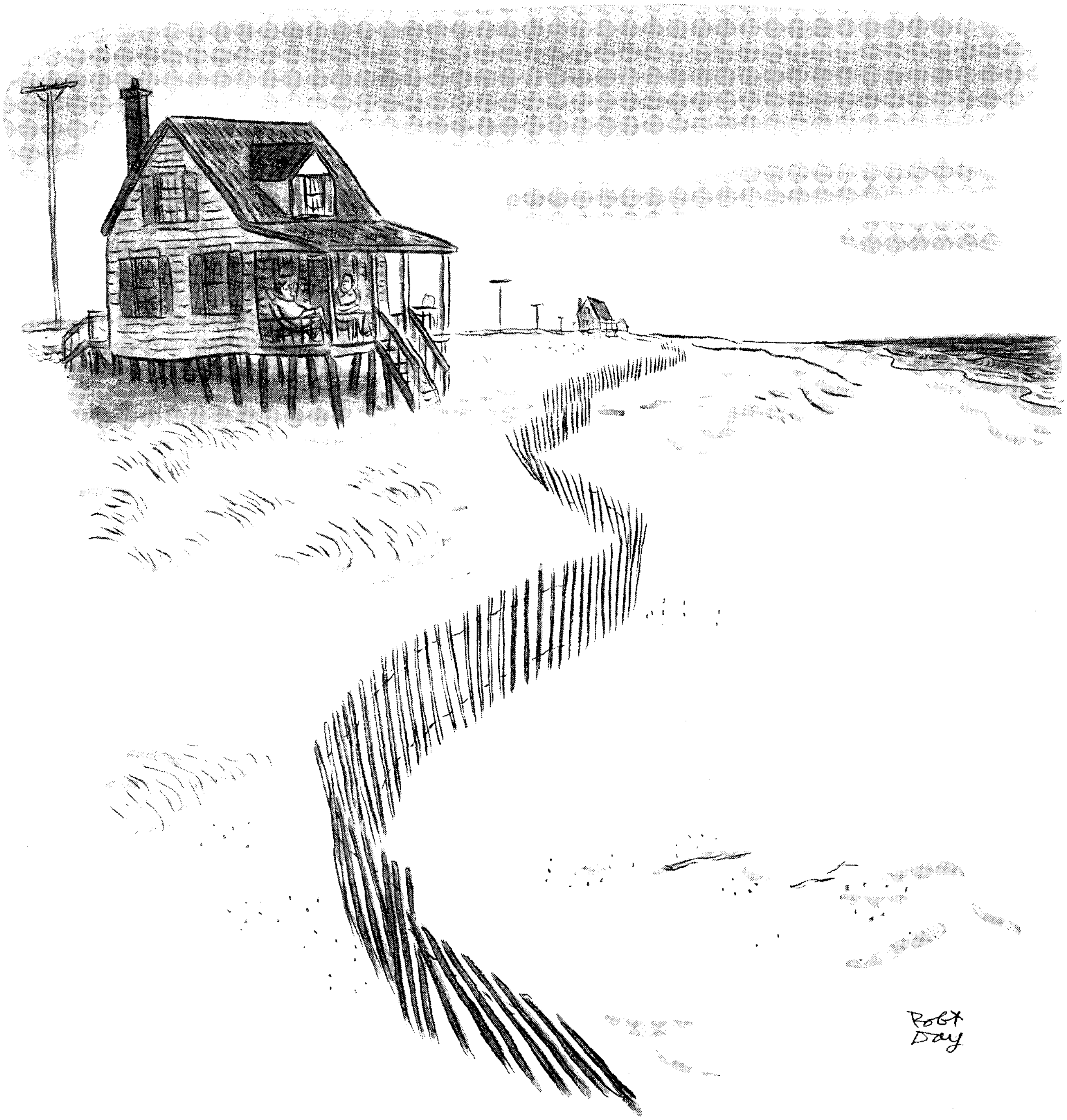
We were introduced to Mr. Moiyoi by Mr. George W. Merck, secretary of the Zoological Society and head of its conservation department, and a member of the Merck pharmaceutical tribe (Somerset County branch).

"Onesmo was recommended to one of our Tanganyika operatives by the headmaster of his school, an Englishman," Mr. Merck said. "He's an outstanding student and track athlete there. He was the chief actor in and the commentator for a wildlife film made in Lake Manyara Park, in his own country, and we brought him here to be the chief actor in and to do the commentary in Swahili, the lingua franca of East Africa, for the Yellowstone picture, which has just been finished. We'll show it here, and, with his first one, it will be taken to secondary schools all over Tanganyika by mobile cinema units. The idea, naturally, is to promote interest in conservation, by showing how much attention is paid to it here. Tanganyika has the greatest concentration of wildlife in the world; it's the habitat of more than a million large animals."

"You can go for thirty or forty miles through the wilderness seeing only animals—no human beings," Mr. Moiyoi said. "Zebras, buffalo, white-bearded gnus, and so on. The birds are beautiful, and after the rains you find swarms of butterflies all over the country. Big herds of our animals were killed early in this century, mostly by white settlers. We're trying to get our people to take a stand against a repetition of that sort of thing. What extraordinary beasts you have here! I'd never seen elk before, or bear, or, in fact, most of your animals. One of our most seriously threatened animals is the white rhino. The gerenuk is also in danger of extinction."

"Not as a species," Mr. Merck said. "Just in Tanganyika, where it's rare. And the cattle there have to be protected from the tsetse fly."

"It causes the cattle disease *olndikana*, a kind of sleeping sickness," Mr. Moiyoi said. "We cut down bushes to kill the flies, and we're trying to reduce the numbers of our cattle, since we have too many. Masai are great cattle raisers. My father is one. There are seventeen cattle markets in the Masai country, which is about the size of England. I have twelve brothers and sisters, some of them step. My father used to carry me to and from my first school—the Lutheran Primary School in the village of Loliondo, two miles from our home—when I was four and couldn't walk that distance twice a day. I hope to become a doctor. I'm taking a premed course. I *hope* to go to Harvard next year, if I can get a scholarship. The school I go to now has four hundred boys, and there are several Americans on the faculty. I've just come from Boston, where I lived in a Harvard dormitory for a few days with some Americans who are going to Tanganyika to teach. They were performing some interesting experiments—transplanting insects' brains so as to induce metamorphosis. I stayed in the laboratory a whole day, just looking."



"It's been a quiet summer so far, except for the black flies, a storm or two, and Robert Moses."

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We asked Mr. Moiyoi what he ate at home, and he said, "Beef, rice, coffee, milk, and tinned fish. No poultry. Not much fruit. No fresh fish. In Africa, no one would think of eating lobster or crayfish. In Yellowstone Park I had lobster for the first time. Nice! I'd never had a hot dog till I came here. Nice! *Nice!*"

"Have a peanut," we said.

"Our peanuts are smaller than yours," he said. "Please don't overemphasize my being a Masai. Tanganyikans don't want to stand as little tribal groups. We want to be amalgamated. But Masai *do* have some good habits. They may not drink or smoke or chew tobacco until they get married, which is generally at twenty-five or thirty for the men and at eighteen or twenty for the girls. Another good habit is that a Masai man is not supposed to tell lies, even if not to do so will result in death."

We asked whether his family name meant anything, and he smiled.

"It means 'Don't Do Too Much,'" he said. "It originated with my great-great-grandfather. One day, he started to shape the branch of a tree into a bowl. That didn't work, so he decided to make it into a spear hanger. That didn't work, so he tried to make it into the handle of a knife. That didn't work, so he tried for a needle. Finally, when he'd finished it, it wasn't anything at all."

"Onesmo may well be the fastest man in the world in the quarter-mile," Mr. Merck said as we rose to leave.

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OVERHEARD in Pete's Tavern, at Eighteenth Street and Irving Place: "Of course, Jack was a little shook up, but, all in all, it was a very successful first marriage."

MRS. HARCOURT'S MARE

SOMETIMES—I see it as in autumn—I would be standing alone out under the pine tree in front of our house, getting over a cold, and Mrs. Harcourt would ride by on her black mare. As she came trotting up the last bit of hill she would call to me in her high, sweet voice, and wave; then her horse would feel the ground levelling out under her hoofs, Mrs. Harcourt would give a kick with her little black boot, and they would be off—the dark-blue skirt of her habit fluttering, the ends of her veil, tied behind the knot of yellow hair under her bowler hat, standing straight out on the wind. I would stare after them, my fancy galloping, too.

Mrs. Harcourt was so dashing, so free, so different from us. For one thing, I had picked up from scraps of my parents' conversation at the dinner table that she had no business riding at all. She had some illness that made going out on a horse alone the height of unwisdom; "seizures" was the word they used. But, my mother said with a vertical line of worry between her eyebrows, Mrs. Harcourt would not put up with an accompanying groom; she would not ride in frequented places; she insisted upon having her own way. Grieved concern was in my mother's voice when she said this, but I glowed with approval.

"She won't listen to me, when I tell her how it disturbs her friends," my mother said.

"She always has to be the one to do the giving. Advice, too," my father said, a trifle sourly.

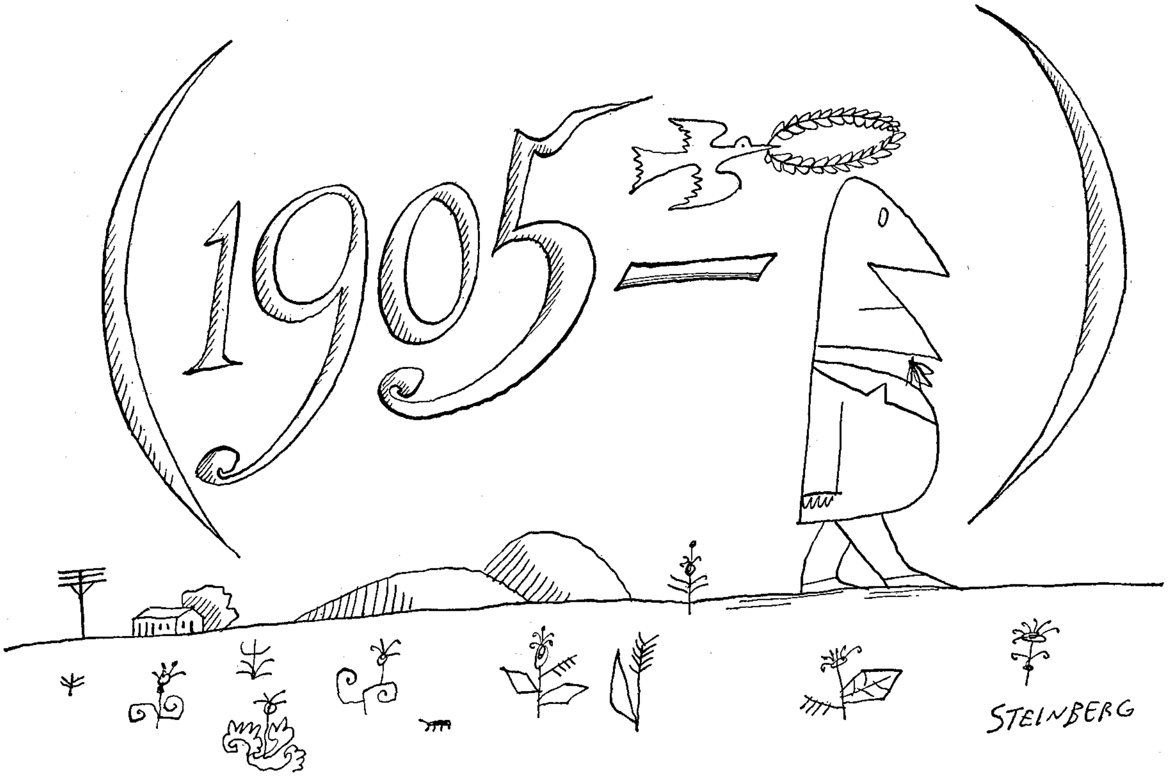
Mrs. Harcourt, the richest woman in the town where we lived, had been very kind to our family always—providing a nurse when I was little, arranging seaside vacations for my overtired mother (for it was only her own health that Mrs. Harcourt ignored), buying my father's pictures (for she was a patron of the arts). We owed her, my mother said, everything. All this made me profoundly uncomfortable when we went to Mrs. Harcourt's to tea. I felt different there from the way I felt anywhere else, I throbbed with the sense of being a representative of a humble, cautious family who owed our hostess everything.

We used to sit in the little room opening off a stair landing in that large, white house—an upstairs sitting room it was, with a tiny fire sparkling in the grate, with silver tea things on a silver tray, and a porringer with a cover that stood on the hearth, to keep warm the yellow muffins inside it. "Muffies," Mrs. Harcourt called them. Over all was an air ineffable, personal, distinguished. The smile on my face felt pasted on, like dried calamine lotion.

My mother seemed able to express quite easily the sense of deep gratitude and affection she felt for Mrs. Harcourt. She could chatter for an hour about my father's painting and her own, while Mrs. Harcourt, her hands clasped, would now and then interject, "How thrilling!" It was a favorite word of hers. Then my mother would get up, saying, "We mustn't take up any more of your time. It was so sweet and thoughtful of you to ask us; to give us such pleasure."

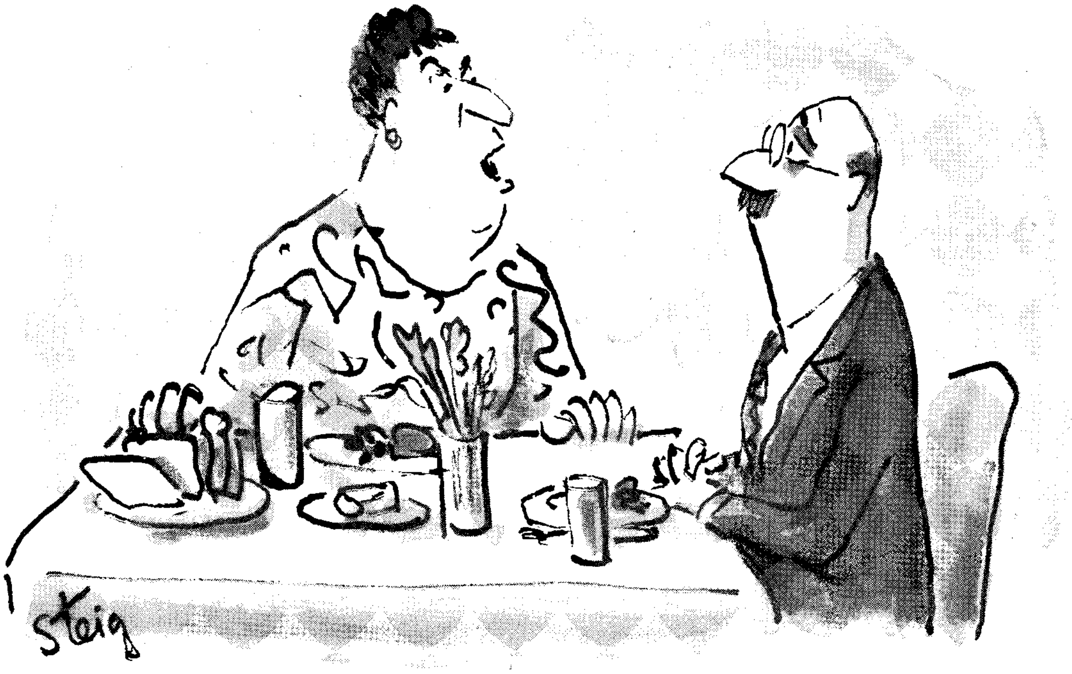
Mrs. Harcourt would rise, too—shorter, somewhat stocky, with curly yellow hair and a square, determined face lit by flashing eyes. "Riley will drive you home," she would say, and my mother would exclaim with appreciation. I myself could only smile—smile at Mrs. Harcourt, and at the Irish maids who came to take the tea things away, and at the dachshund who nipped at my ankles in the white-panelled hall. I had found through long experience that if I said anything at all in this house, what I said sounded forced, artificial, idiotic. "Thank you so much," I would mutter on parting, as I shook our benefactor's hand. Even that sounded false. Mrs. Harcourt would lay her hand on my stiff shoulder for an instant and go back to my mother, walking beside her out to the shining black limousine. Mrs. Harcourt never stood on ceremony; she was warm, informal, enthusiastic. My mother was warm back. It was only I who was bothered by the chasm that seemed to separate Mrs. Harcourt's great house from our small snug one, and Mrs. Harcourt's generosity and recklessness from our own mean caution.

IN the New England of my childhood, winters were long and severe, and when a member of our family caught a cold it was taken seriously. The furnace, which in theory heated our house, sent what trickles of warmth did get upstairs through the register of the room that we called my grandmother's room, because it was hers when she stayed with us. It was in there that I was apt to be put to bed, under plenty of blankets and a down quilt. I would lie in that square, sun-flooded room with its ceiling broken at one side by the angle of the eaves, the bed heaped with my favorite books—Miss Austen, Mrs. Ewing, Stevenson, Poe; all in sets that had been presented to me by Mrs. Harcourt. I would sip lemonade, and at intervals lay my book aside to eat



dropped eggs on toast, and cottage pudding with lemon sauce, off a tray that had rosebuds painted on it.

It made an undeniably pleasant interlude. Arithmetic, geography, and my arch-enemy at school, Ellen Parsons—such disagreeable problems were shut out; legitimately so. The school I went to, Miss Brewster's, wanted its pupils kept at home if they had colds. It did not want germs circulating in class. Homework would be brought to the ailing by some hale contemporary on her way from school in the afternoon; I would hear her voice at the front door as she left my books, and my mother's voice hustling her away again—"You mustn't catch our colds!" It was only the children that went to the public school who were allowed to go around with runny noses and sore lips, regardless; like the children in the Dreadful Hollow.



"Are you looking for a fight?"

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That was my father's name for it. He and I used to walk down the hill together in the mornings, I to school, he to the train that took him in town to his studio. The road, as it led past the County Meadows, was flanked with willow trees, through which a bitter wind forever whistled. We passed only one building in that stretch, Mr. Barlow's barn, and sometimes the old man would be getting his white horse out as we hurried past, with frost sparkling in his beard and in the horse's mane. Bracing himself against the winter's gale, he would hitch the horse to a blue cart with two high wheels, and drive rumbling away. We would have passed the worst of it by then, and in a minute come to where a row of mean houses on either side of the road broke the wind. We would walk slower, catching our breath. " 'I *hate* the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,' " my father would murmur, quoting from Tennyson's "Maud," though I didn't know it.

In my childhood there were still country slums, and this was one of them. The houses were old, paintless, with rags stuffed in their windows and decaying steps. Out of the windows peered white, narrow faces; undernourished, suspicious. I did not so much hate the Dreadful Hollow as fear it. It was not so frightening in the mornings, when I could pass through it by the side of my omnipotent father, but in the afternoons, walking home alone from school, my heart sank as I descended the slope that led past the Harrigans', the Petropuccis', the Morans', the Howards'. I knew their names, everybody knew their names, for they were called in from time to time to work in more prosperous parts of town—to do a day's wash or to nail up sagging gutter pipes. On those occasions, possessions had often been known mysteriously to disappear—a whole packet of nails, a stepladder, a half-dozen dish towels. It was a fact, I had heard my mother tell my father, that the people from the Hollow would rather steal than receive honest charity. They made it impossible, she said, for you to give them anything; medicines or clothes or comforts of any kind. They slammed the door in your face and called rude words from within. One of the men in the Hollow was said to be serving a long term in jail.

When I would be walking home from school, the Dreadful Hollow children would be playing out in their bare dirt yards, noses perpetually running, eyes red and watery. The doors of their houses stood grimly shut, but sometimes a ragged curtain would stir a trifle as I passed by. The older boys made inarticulate jeering noises at me; the girls looked at me and I back at them. Their faces seemed different from the faces of my schoolmates. They were wide and pale and blank, and had slit eyes without eyelashes. Their appearance gave me a sense of indefinable, intimate horror, as though I were somehow joined to them, as though they were partly me. I tried to keep my eyes straight ahead; tried not to care what taunts might be yelled. Sticks and stones could break my bones but words—I told myself, denying the evidence of my senses—would never hurt me. One day as I was walking home, screams rent the Hollow's air, and a tiny child, not more than six, came running around the corner of a house with her father after her—an unshaven man in shirtsleeves, brandishing a bunch of short leather straps, a device that could have no other purpose than that of flogging children.

FOR a long time I could not get that scene out of my mind—the father, coughing as he ran, and the terrified child with her face streaked by tears and snot. Terrible people like these were the only other people I had ever known to ignore illness.

Mrs. Harcourt's suffering, both in that illness of hers and in a certain curious sorrow, seemed to me of a high and admirable kind. Children do not so much tell themselves stories about people as they instantly convert into images what they hear said about them. It was so when my mother remarked at dinner one night, "She is such a high-spirited human being. So sensitive to the banal"—a word I recognized as one of Mrs. Harcourt's favorites. "It seems a pity," she went on, "that he can't be more on her level." When my father replied somewhat wryly, "Yes, good old Harcourt is earthy, all right," what I mentally saw, clearly, calmly, was Mrs. Harcourt standing on the landing of the great white staircase, her chin lifted very high, while up the stairs toward her groped Mr. Harcourt, whom I had seen so seldom as to leave me free to imagine him as dreadful as I liked. He was holding his hands, black with sticky earth, out in front of him, to rub them viciously upon her pure white dress. Why a man should delight in wiping his hands on his wife's clothes against her will, I could not explain to myself; but somehow the idea rang true, and carried genuine horror. Although I never felt in the least natural in Mrs. Harcourt's presence, and although her high, clear voice seemed never quite addressing me but somebody else behind or above me, nevertheless, especially when I was away from her, I knew she was a heroine and worthy of emulation. You would never find Mrs. Harcourt skulking drearily around, getting over a cold!

That was what I was doing, the afternoon I saw her ride by on her horse for the last time. It was a day in spring, and I was standing under the great pine that grew close to the barberry hedge that edged our lawn. I heard the sound of hoofs coming up the hill, and in a moment saw Mrs. Harcourt, riding the black mare. She sat her horse as securely as though pinned into her sidesaddle; her shoulders in the dark-blue habit were square and straight; her bowler was set down neatly over her eyes. "Hello!" she called, like a silver bell tinkling. She waved with the hand that held a crop. I waved morosely back, conscious of all my own bondage to mediocrity. A moment more and she had dealt a little kick to the mare's flank. In the sudden thunder of their galloping I watched them whirl up the dirt road that led past our house, down a dale, and so off into the woods.

Promising myself for the hundredth time that when I grew up and could do what I chose I, too, would ride furiously, especially if advised not to, I went back to my desultory occupations: playing with some doll's furniture I had arranged in a room that was a hole in the roots of the pine tree; picking and chewing the young sour grass that was coming up; planting myself in the center of the circle of extra-fine grass that grew, mysteriously, in the middle of one side of the lawn. My mother said it was the relic of a flower bed of some long-gone tenant of our house, but I had decided, years before, when I was little, that it was the manifestation of fairy influences—a special spot, conferring special powers.

I had just willed Ellen Parsons to develop warts all over her face when I heard the hammer of hoofs coming back again. They were coming very fast—too fast, somehow. I jumped to my feet. Down the road from the woods came pounding the black mare, riderless, the empty stirrup slapping and flying wildly.

I knew I should go and tell my mother what I had just seen, but I hesitated. I had the feeling that if I did so I might be interfering with Mrs. Harcourt's intentions. Perhaps she had sent the horse home, I thought queerly. Perhaps she wanted to stay out there all alone, down in some hollow in the deepest woods, where it was dim and secret and damp, and the frogs were singing their springtime chorus. . . . I knew that I was only inventing, but I also knew that I had no conception of what Mrs. Harcourt might not be up to. She was capable of more than I was capable of imagining.

Then my years and my excitement asserted themselves, and I dashed into the house shouting, "Mother! Mother! Mrs. Harcourt's horse just went by with nobody on it!"

MOMENTS of consciousness, in a child, are never contiguous, but occur in tiny separate explosions; so that events of those early days tend in memory to roll about like unstrung colored beads in a bowl. But there are a few memories of my childhood that do join, and the day of Mrs. Harcourt's fall from her horse in a seizure, her concussion of the brain, and the beginning of her long years of invalidism connects forever for me with the day after school got out the same year; I think it was the same year.

I was bursting with my freedom that morning in early June. As I walked up the road that led past our house, summer was just beginning to glisten and to sing. The last of the buttercups were

A SWIM OFF THE ROCKS

A flat rock is the best for taking off.
Rafferty, the lawyer, with a cough,
Goes first, head first—a dive
That makes us wonder how he's still alive.
The ballerina's next, and shames us all.
What grace in space! What an Australian crawl!

I'm next, and too self-conscious to be good.
When I look back to where I stood,
Miss Jones, a leather crafter,
Runs, jumps in, and makes it to the raft. Her
Body salty-white, she stares back at the shore, a
Lot like Lot's wife in Sodom and Gomorrah.

The ballerina knows how much restraint
Enhances skill, and, with a little feint,
Spins away. Now Rafferty
Seems to be arguing a case at sea.
Splashing, gesticulating, he swims back,
And climbs, exhausted, onto the rock.

Miss Jones comes in—martyred, ill at ease,
And towels carefully, even knees,
While the lawyer fetches beer.
The dancer always seems to disappear.
Miss Jones, sotto-voce: "It's *said*, in *town*,
She's found a choreographer, all her own."

What *I* say, though, is let what *is* just be.
Miss Jones and Mr. Rafferty,
A hopeless combination,
Have my good wishes for a grand vacation.
The dancer needs no help, evidently.
And as for me, I simply like the sea.

—HOWARD MOSS

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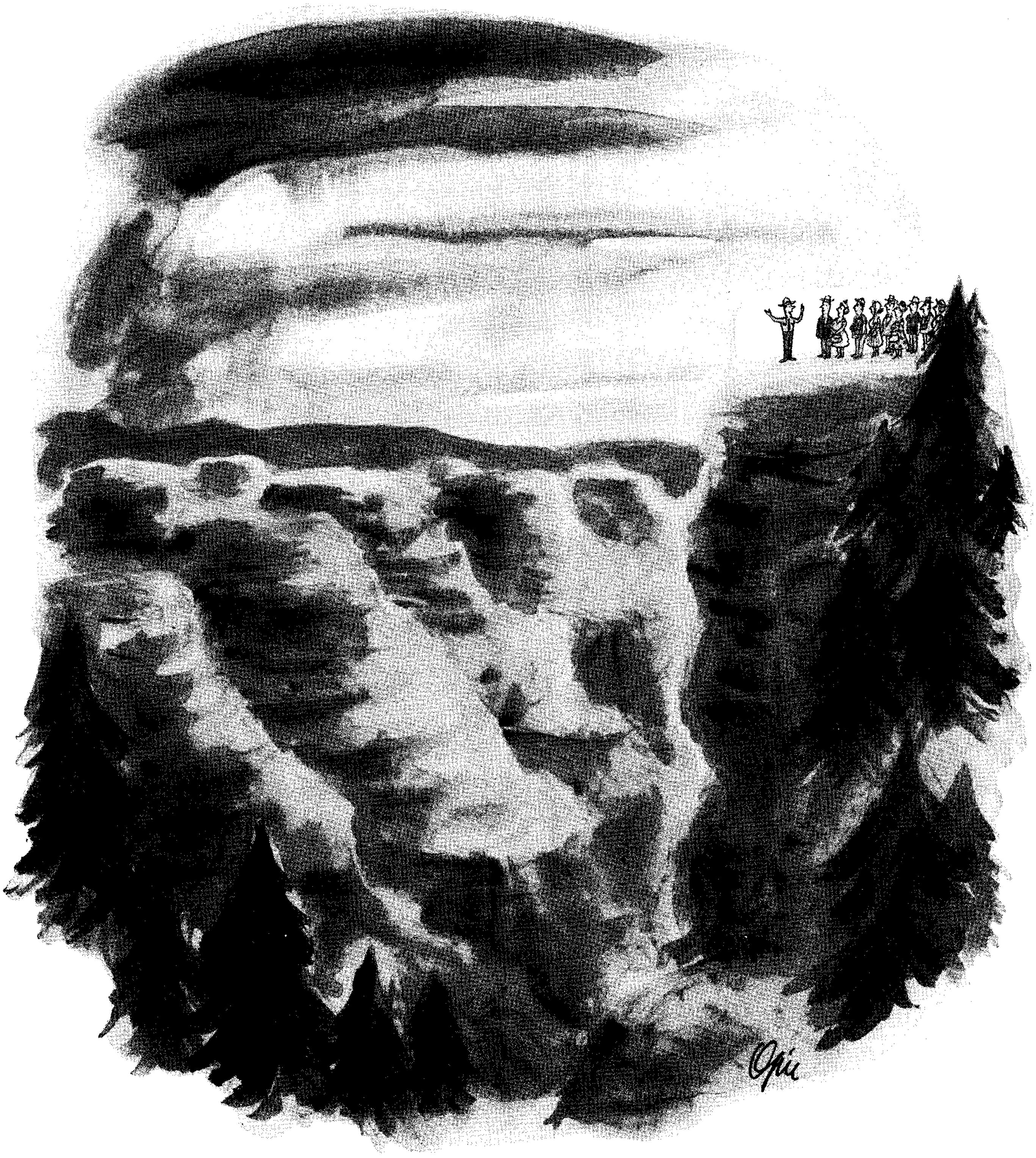

"And so, folks, I'm sure you will all agree with us National Park Service Rangers when we say, 'The Grand Canyon is indeed the grandest canyon of them all!'"

• •

in the fields, and the first of the silver-white daisies with their yellow hearts. Bees bumbled through the sweet air, to light upon blossoms of the trumpet vine and the syringa. I scuffed blissfully at the white stones that littered the road, as I wandered along zigzagging. The road passed, after a while, between two hedges of lilac, six feet high or more, with great nodding blossoms, both purple and white. Their scent was so exquisite that I stopped short in my tracks to smell it.

As I stood there sniffing, into my state of heaven there crawled like a maggot, like a dark screen drawn across bright nature, the recollection of that day in spring, when the black horse had come galloping down this same road leaving Mrs. Harcourt insensible beside the rock her head had struck when she fell. The memory was so foreign to my mood and to the day that I could only blink. Then it drifted out of my head, and I did not think of it for years and years. —NANCY HALE

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Westport was victorious again at the morning worship service at the Federated Church Sunday.—*Elizabethtown (N.Y.) Valley News.*

They're a scrappy bunch in the pews.

HELLO GREAT PEOPLE!

FROM the apartment below his own Benny could hear the thumping of cha-cha music and spurts of high-pitched Spanish; a Saturday-afternoon Puerto Rican party had already begun, and here he was alone—hot, fidgety, and alone. His girl friend, Flo, had been cooling him of late. She had always cooled him, in fact; she was practically not a girl friend at all. Flo worked as a waitress at the Crosstown Bar, on West Ninety-sixth Street. Benny's recurring idea was to get her to come up to his dark one-room-and-kitchen apartment on Ninety-ninth Street, and, technically speaking, he had not altogether failed; Flo had been up there several times. But always she left before he had made any inroads, left abruptly, the way a stranger takes leave of a stranger. Benny was well past forty, and as a somewhat unsuccessful parking-lot operator he knew he had better hang on to a good thing when he saw it, hang on to Flo, although Flo was skinny and uncoöperative. At the back of Benny's mind was the idea that once he had tamed Flo he would fatten her up. Then she wouldn't be so nervous; she was always biting her nails, and when you talked to her, her eyes beetled around behind your head as if she were looking for something and you knew you didn't have it. The thing was that the idea of simply coming up to his place was too crass for her. It needed a little embroidering somewhere, a little frill to it, but if he just took her out to a club or a movie, then later they always ended up right back where they started, with the big question of whether or not Flo was going to come up.

Cirsium lanceolatum

A girl screamed with laughter near the window below, and Benny thought, I could go down there and join the party, just say I'm the neighbor from upstairs—maybe you can use an extra man? But they were all talking Spanish. A party—there was an idea. If he had a party himself, Flo would come to it, and then when it was over, there she would be, right here in his house. Why hadn't he thought of a party before? It was perfect.

IT was perfect except that Benny had no idea whom to invite to his party. It's not that I don't know plenty of people, he reassured himself. There was always Phil, his boss. And then there was Sheldon; he hadn't seen Sheldon for a couple of years. Hell, there were plenty of people. Benny sat down and dialled Phil's number in Hoboken. He hadn't seen Phil for several weeks. Phil owned the parking lot Benny operated on Broadway just above Columbus Circle; he also owned a number of other lots, and a night club in Jersey. Benny supposed he would be too busy to come to any party.

After two rings Phil answered. "Yuh."

"Hey, Phil. It's Benny. How are you?"

"Yuh. Who?"

"Benny. From the lot."

"Yuh. O.K., Benny. What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. I got a little blast going on tonight my place. Maybe you can come around? I tell you what it is, Phil, I'm kind of putting on the dog for this girl Flo. I told you about Flo already."

"Where you, West Side? Yuh? I'm in the Village tonight, maybe I'll drop in. Should I bring people?"

"Sure, bring everybody."

"Yuh. But don't count on it." He hung up.

Benny cheerfully tapped his foot to the rhythms of the competing party downstairs. This was going to be all right. Flo would meet his boss; Phil would make an impression on her.

Next, Benny called Sheldon, in Queens. When Benny had been running a radiator repair shop out there a few years before, he had known Sheldon, who had a men's clothing store next door. Sheldon had since married a girl named Pauline. He was surprised to hear from Benny, but agreed to come to the party. "How's life with you, Benny?" Sheldon asked softly. He always spoke in a whisper, and stood very close to you. Benny could picture him—tall, sunken-cheeked, stooped over the telephone. Sheldon murmured, "We can't stay late, Benny. Pauline needs plenty of rest." Sheldon was very attentive to Pauline, a shrill, mannered, birdlike woman, fascinated with nothing, whom Benny considered pretty much of a pill. "You have to know her to appreciate her," Sheldon had once whispered to Benny. "Anyway, a man is better off married. It gives you a sense of responsibility, Benny. You need that, you really do." Sheldon always added "You really do" or "It really is" to whatever he mumbled to you.

It doesn't take much to get a party going in New York, Benny reflected happily. Nevertheless, he unwillingly faced the fact that Flo, the whole point of the party, remained unapproached, maybe gone away somewhere—to Jones Beach, for instance. Her working hours were always being changed and he was never sure when she would be at the bar. She often went places by herself and acted just as happy without him along. In controlled panic, Benny put on his sporty perforated straw hat and went down to the Crosstown Bar, on West Ninety-sixth Street, where Flo was not very glad to see him, even though lunch hour was over and there wasn't much business. Benny sat down in a booth and said, "Listen, Flo, I want to talk to you."

"I asked you not to come around here when I'm on duty, Benny," she said severely. Still, she sat down tentatively on the edge of the seat. She frowned, her meagre dark brows drawing together as she brushed wisps of black hair out of her eyes.

"It's a public place. I can come in here if I want to," Benny said belligerently.

"What do you always want to fight with me for?"

"I don't want to fight. Listen, will you bring me a beer? Will you have one yourself?"

"I don't want a beer," she said, but went up to the bar to get his.

She is still sore about last time, Benny thought. Last time had been a week before, when she had come up to his place briefly and then had gone off in a kind of hopeless despair after Benny turned on the radio and proposed dancing with her—as a warmer-upper, he'd thought. She had just not wanted to dance with him, up there in the middle of the day. Benny hadn't understood why not. He had argued her right out the door. Now here he was back again. Flo suspected he had some new plan, and when she came up with his beer she rolled her eyes in a comic dismay that said, What terrible idea have you got this time?

"Listen," Benny said, "we're having a party at my place tonight."

"Who?"

"We are—you and me. I mean, we ought to work together more, Flo, meet people together. You build up a kind of *thing* like that, a kind of connection, when your friends see the two of us together like. We need that."

"I don't need that."

"Ah, Flo, don't always be so much trouble, will you? Anyway, my boss Phil is coming and bringing some peo-

BANANA QUEEN
B.A.

• •

ple with him—he moves in a pretty rich crowd. Some old friends from Queens also."

"What's the party for?" Flo asked suspiciously. "How do I know anybody will show up besides me?"

"Listen, will you just sit down and have a beer with me? Is that so much to ask?"

Flo hesitated, went to the bar, and when she returned with her beer Benny pushed thirty cents across the table to her. "What's that for?" she asked.

"For the beer. For mine and yours."

"I don't have to pay for my drinks in here, Benny."

"Well, I'm paying anyway."

Flo sat down and looked at him. He could make the least little action awkward. He was hopeless, but right now there was Benny or there was nobody, and weekends she got restless and liked to have somebody around. So she would see him again and again. He was faithful, always showed up, and then every time there was a small disaster. She said finally, "Look, Benny, I don't want to start any *thing* with you with other people, like they are going to think of us always being together or anything like that."

"All right, they don't have to think anything. Make it simple—I'm having a party, so come. What's so complicated?"

"*You* make it complicated!" They glared at each other. "What time?" she said, losing.

He hadn't thought of what time; he had hardly ever given a party before. Phil wouldn't be coming until late; he didn't know what time Sheldon might come. "Seven?"

"If they come at seven, then you have to feed them."

"Well, whatever time then," he said impatiently.

"It's your party, it's not my party. People usually go to parties at nine."

"All right, nine," he said, as if blaming her for strait-jacketing his life.

BENNY bought two bottles of bourbon and two of gin at the liquor store on the corner, and headed home with his supplies. Three young Negroes sat impassively on the steps of the rooming house across the street from his apartment building. When a car passed, they watched it like spectators at a tennis match. One of the Negroes was Ray, who a few weeks earlier had fallen off the porch of the rooming house and broken his neck in the cellarway. He had been drunk. Benny and Flo had passed by, and Flo had heard Ray moaning and had called an ambulance. Now Ray always said hello when Benny went past. These days, Ray sat stiffly on the porch step, his neck in a cast like a horse collar. In order to watch the cars go by, he had to turn his whole torso at the shoulders. His great injury had won him the center spot of the top step. "Evening," he said to Benny.

"How's the old neck coming along?" Benny said.

"Pretty good."

Why not ask Ray to the party, what the hell, thought Benny. "Listen, I'm having a party. You want to come?"

"Ah, I can't work, Mister," Ray said sadly.

"Work?"

"I can't work at any party or like that with this thing."

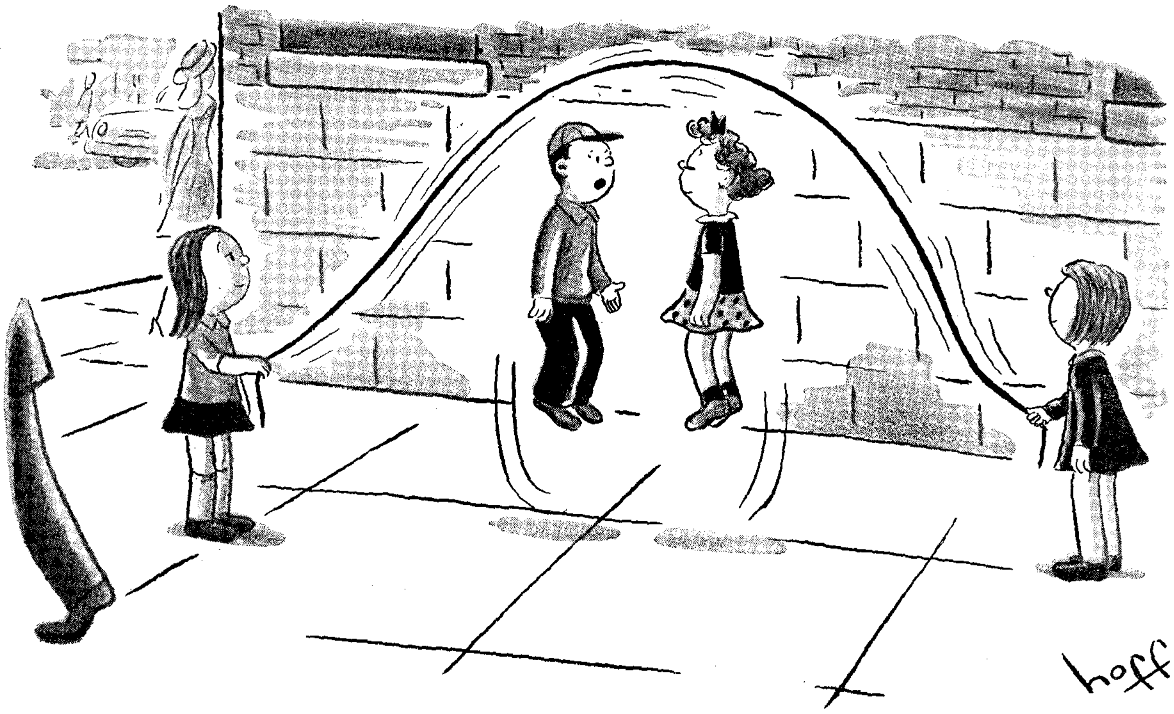
"No, not *work*. I don't mean that. I mean just come up to the party. It's just some friends coming around for a drink—I thought maybe you'd like a drink. You like to drink, don't you? You used to, anyway, eh?" he added, and laughed.

"Where this party?" Ray asked.

Benny told him the apartment number. Ray said nothing. Benny said, "Well, do you want to come?"

Ray tried to nod an assent, and the cast on his neck made him move his whole torso back and forth in little bows. "Yes, sir, I'll come," he said.

That was a damn-fool thing to do, Benny thought. What will anybody say to him? What this party needs, it needs more people. With more people, everybody will feel at ease, everybody will have somebody to talk to. He decided to find reinforcements. He took the bot-



“Alice, when can I see you—alone?”

tles up to his place and then went back to the liquor store. “You back?” asked the wise-guy proprietor. “Finish all that already?”

“No, listen. You want to come to a party?”

“What's the angle?”

“No angle,” Benny said defensively. “Just, you know . . . some people.”

“What do you mean, a party? A party at your place, or what?” The proprietor grimaced in puzzlement.

“Yeah, a party, yeah,” Benny replied loudly. The hell with it, he thought.

The proprietor's face fell into a pose of wide-eyed commiseration. “Gee, I can't do it, buddy. I'm here late and then I go way out to Brooklyn.” Benny backed out the door. “Sorry, buddy,” the proprietor said.

Benny went down Broadway. He wished he hadn't invited Ray, and shook his head discontentedly. But what was so impossible about having a few people come around? What was the big trouble? He stopped at a vegetable-and-fruit stand where Vic, its owner, was piling oranges in pyramids. A short, graying man with a big-domed head and a long nose, he looked like a Roman senator. In his spare time, he drew caricatures, sometimes of his customers. Benny asked him to the party, and again had to repeat the invitation. Vic was mystified. “I'm supposed to do sketches, or what?” Vic said.

“You don't have to do anything at all,” Benny explained angrily. Vic said he would try to make it. When Benny went off, Vic watched him until he was a block away.

Benny had better luck with Bill, the super of the building. Bill was a stocky, muscular Cuban with high cheekbones and a gray-black stubble of beard. His name was really Guillermo, but he was usually called “Beel” in this building. When Benny rang, Bill opened the door and pulled him welcomingly into the apartment, which was full of women and children, most of them Bill's. He gave Benny a glass of rum and ice, and told him he could count on him for the party.

THE first guest at Benny's party was Ray, who arrived at eight-thirty. He walked softly into the room and looked questioningly at Benny. “Well,” Benny said with false enthusiasm, “sit down, the party's beginning!” Obediently, Ray sat down in the middle of the sofa. Benny offered him a drink and Ray said he didn't drink any more. Benny told him he ought to have a drink, because a party was for drinking, so Ray accepted a glass of gin, which he said he liked straight. He sipped his gin and said nothing, and for half an hour there they were, Ray and Benny, Ray submissively holding on to his glass, and Benny peering apprehensively out the window, looking for his guests, worried that he would be here alone all evening with Ray. It seemed to Benny that he should provide some entertainment—tell a joke, or ask about the Negro's past life, about his work, maybe—but Ray didn't have any work. Ray just sat politely watching Benny, saying nothing. “You ever go to ball games?” Benny asked unsatisfactorily.

Ray replied, “No, sir, I don't.”

Finally, Bill and Vic turned up. Bill had some pornographic photographs he was showing Vic. “Thees one's a real keeler,” he was saying as the two came into the room. When they saw Ray, they stopped talking. Bill and Vic and Benny all looked at Ray, and Ray looked up at them.

Benny said, “You know Ray from up the street?”

Bill said, “Hi, buddy—ain't you the guy had that bad fall?”

“That's right,” said Ray.

Vic waved a hand. “I seen you around,” he told Ray.

They sat down on chairs ranged before the sofa as if to endure Ray's inspection or put on a show for him. Bill put away his photographs as if they weren't fit for Ray, or as if Ray didn't qualify to see them. Benny tried to recall what had prompted him to invite Ray in the first place—some idea of cheering up the poor guy from breaking his neck? Or just to liven up the party? It sure didn't look like Ray was going to liven up the party.

When Flo arrived, she took one look at Vic and Bill and asked Benny, “You call this a party?”

Benny said, “Sure, it's a party.”

Then she saw Ray and went over to him. Ray leaned back so as to look up at her. Flo said, “You're the fellow who fell off the porch.”

“Yes, Ma'am,” said Ray.

Flo sat down on the sofa and inspected Ray's neck. “Are you going to be all right?” she asked.

“Ah, I'm all right now, Ma'am. They take this old thing off me soon.”

“That was a terrible fall,” Flo said.

“Yes, Ma'am.”

Flo got up and went to Benny, who had made a drink for her. “What's that boy doing here?” she asked.

“I invited him. Cheer him up. Don't you think he can use some cheering up?”

“But he doesn't know what's going

on, what he's supposed to do," Flo whispered.

"He isn't supposed to do anything, is he?" he said to Flo. "He's got a drink, he's drinking his drink. What do you want him to do?" Benny felt he had to defend himself.

Flo bit her lips and looked questioningly over at Vic and Bill. Then she went back to Ray and managed to get a few words out of him.

Some hot party, Benny thought. Ray, watching them all uncritically, nevertheless weighed on them. Vic and Bill now paid their homage to Ray. He appeared to expect it. Bill said, "That was a real fall you took, fella." He spoke as if Ray had hit a home run. Ray bobbed back and forth, trying to nod agreement. He was a famous fall enclosed in an ordinary inarticulate man. For a party, Benny thought, Ray was a mistake. Everybody was worrying about that damned neck—and then being a colored guy on top of it. But it was too late now.

To add a note of solemnity to the lack of festivity came Sheldon and his wife Pauline, the birdwoman. Benny had hammered and welded radiators next door to Sheldon's men's shop, and on hot days they had a couple of bottles of beer together. Sheldon used to worry lest Benny smudge up the drygoods and usually tried to keep the interlocution outside his store, either on the sidewalk or in the shade of the doorway of the radiator shop. Probably Benny was not the ideal companion for Sheldon, but he had come all the way in to Manhattan to see Benny, tenuous as the thread between them may have been. Sheldon wore a square-shouldered blue serge suit. Gaunt and whispery, he skated soberly up to Benny. His wife, Pauline, peered about her. A short, large-breasted woman with thinning hair and tight lips, she was constructed also of little elbows and knees and sharp, tiny knuckles. Soon she was staring at Ray. Flo caught a glint of avian outrage in her eyes and went over to protect Ray from potential attack from Queens condescenders.

Sheldon, standing so close to Benny that Benny kept moving back or aside, murmured, "I'll have to get Pauline home early, I really will."

Benny pulled his big mouth into an empty grin, and looked around. There was *talk* in the room now. Something was going on, possibly even a party. Benny, the world's least accomplished host, pranced solicitously among his guests, dropping ineffectual and altogether ignored phrases of encouragement. "How's it going?" "Getting enough to drink?" "Don't believe a word of that." Bill and Vic were finishing a bottle of bourbon between them and evidently they thought the party a rousing success, an occasion for exchanging avowals of mutual good will. Vic, in rapt attention, made Bill's incinerator problems his own—the garbage chute in this building was always catching on fire and sending sparky smoke out through its disposal doors into the hallways, panicking the ancient Jewish ladies who lived in the place and bringing on firemen and building inspectors. In his turn, Bill shook his head negatively non-stop in profound sympathy with an account of Vic's dragging ordeal in making a living out of fruit and vegetables. "You don't realize what the competition makes you do," Vic said. "You got to keep open to three, four in the morning if you want to turn over any volume. Sure, you got plenty of people on Broadway—and you got plenty of cart pushers, too."

Sheldon, looking at Ray, said to Benny, "He works for you, is that it?"

Benny shrugged, went to the kitchen, and brought in two straight chairs that fitted Sheldon and Pauline perfectly, fitted their stiffness. They sat down as if they were in a tax collector's waiting room, and gingerly accepted drinks. The main trouble with this little party situation was that here Benny had his old friends from Queens who were supposed to help him build up some solidarity with Flo—they were supposed to see Benny and Flo as a couple—but there was Flo a thousand miles away guarding Ray from these very friends.

Sheldon did not help. He said, "How come you ever got into a neighborhood like this, Benny? You ever wish you were back in Queens?"

Benny replied defensively, "The neighborhood, what's the neighborhood? It's like anywhere else. Only it's handy to get to work, and you're in Times Square in ten minutes."

Sheldon made no comment other than to cock his head at the clatters and tinkles of kicked tin cans and banged garbage lids and smashed wine bottles that echoed along the buildings that walled the deep, narrow street. An outraged woman's voice pierced through to them in disturbing, imminent clarity from the maligned street below: "Harold! God damn you, Harold! Come on out here!"

Pauline made birdy, disapproving vibrations with her head, disapproving of Ray, and Cuban Bill, and all those watchful, do-nothing Negroes outside, and all the crumpled parked cars with the magnificently engineered, indestructible klaxons on them. Pauline disapproved of the entire West Side. "I should think you would be afraid to walk down the street at night," she said.

"We saw a terrible thing on Broadway," Sheldon said in a low, dire tone. "One of those young Puerto Rican ruffians had stolen something from a grocery, and the store owner was running down the street after him shouting, 'Stop, thief!' You read about that sort of thing in the papers, but you never expect to see it."

"Did they catch the kid?" Benny asked.

Sheldon said, "Yes, a cop caught

him. And, you know, that little spic was giggling! Can you beat that?"

Benny saw Bill sit up as if he had heard an alarm go off. Bill looked around questioningly. Benny felt a gnawing hopelessness about his party. Here was Sheldon talking about a "spic" with Bill right here. A party was supposed to be people getting along in some way, but here nobody was getting along except maybe Vic and Bill. There was Flo and Ray, but Flo was *taking care* of Ray out of some kind of nursemaid duty she felt about him, some kind of mothering; what kind of a party are you going to get out of mothering? And then these friends of his from Queens, acting as if they were doing him some big favor by braving the big dangers of West Ninety-ninth Street. Out of a need for encouragement, Benny signalled to Bill and Vic to join him and Sheldon.

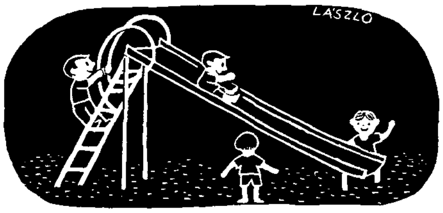
"Man, let's have some music, a leetle dancing," Bill said, eying Sheldon malevolently. Bill tuned the radio to WEVD and got some Latin music. He glowered good-humoredly down on little Pauline and waggled an inviting finger at her. "I'll teach you cha-cha," he said.

Pauline opened her mouth and let out a short peep. She grinned wildly, and then drew her small mouth soberly together, and then uncontrollably grinned again. Keeping her bright eyes on Bill, she reached out a groping hand to Sheldon, but couldn't find him. Bill moved in, took hold of the hand, pulled Pauline to her feet with it, and started to dance with her. There they were, dancing away, Pauline evidently convinced she was about to be thrown bodily out the eighth-story window, or raped. Sheldon watched as if bored with her, and then turned to Vic, who was telling him something.

It was a lot more trouble than Benny had thought, trying to run a party, which had seemed the simplest thing in the world. It was like running a parking lot you had never seen before: You didn't know the capacity of it, you didn't know how many regulars you had, you didn't know when anybody would come in, you didn't know how long the ones already in would stay, you didn't know which one-hours and two-hours to park up front, you didn't know a thing, but you had to take care of whatever came up.

IT was nearly midnight when Phil showed up with a girl. If there was anybody Benny would have followed, or tried to copy, it would have been his boss, Phil. Phil was rich and classy, Phil could handle anything, Phil had a good word for everybody, Phil was tough, Phil was a dealer, Phil had the girl he wanted when he wanted her, Phil had a good time. Phil made people like him by recalling little items about them that proved he remembered them. He came on this scene in a blaze, a long-lost rich uncle from America booming into a peasant hovel, dressed in a suit made of ten-dollar bills, grinning with diamond-studded teeth, bringing good news and gifts for all. He gave Benny two bottles of Scotch and clapped his long-fingered hands together in enthusiasm at his own arrival, and draped an encompassing arm around his overwhelmed girl friend, and with his free hand shook everyone else's hand, and told Benny there might be some off-Broadway actors showing up later, and told Flo her fine black hair looked "absolutely beautiful," and said that the birdwoman's puff-sleeved dress turned her into an "absolute knockout," and told a broken-neck joke to Ray.

Everyone laughed except Ray, who sat peaceably as if waiting to hear the rest of the joke, or some other joke, or maybe for permission to go home. Phil was not routed; he had already moved on. Phil never waited for his applause. He was just a graceful, undemanding distributor of largess—a word for each and every one—and Ray had had his turn. Now it was Benny's turn; Phil would do what he could to help the guy out. Phil loaned his blond girl friend to Bill, and then draped his arms around Flo and Benny, grinning. Phil knew that Benny loved best of all to hear about Phil's so-called underworld adventures in darkest Jersey. (Benny had never been in Hoboken in his life.) Hollow-voiced, in the halfway-mentally-retarded stammer of the Jersey accent—*buh-dahh, duh*—Phil intoned a secret to take to



THE FURNACE OF COLORS

Who half asleep, or waking, does not hear it:
Drone where the bees swarm, sky of the cornflower,
Blaze of a water lily, music of the reapers—
Lithe bodies moving continually forward
Under the heat haze?

Dust drops from campions where the hedge is hottest;
Foxgloves and grasses tremble where a snake basks,
Coiled under brilliance. Petals of the burnet rose
Flash there, pulsating. Do the gold antennae
Feel for the white light?

All that is made here hides another making;
Even this water shows a magic surface.
Sky is translated; dragonfly and iris
Rise from the gray sheath; unremembered shadows
Cling, where the bloom breaks.

Yet not that bloom, nor any kind of foliage,
Cup, sheath, or daystar, bright above the water,
Clustered forget-me-nots tufted on the stream's bank,
Not one recalls the virginals of April
Heard, when the wood grieved.

Waking entranced, we cannot see that other
Order of colors moving in the white light.
Time is for us transfigured into colors
Known and remembered from an earlier summer,
Or into breakers

Falling on gold sand, bringing all to nothing.
Fire of the struck brand hides beneath the white spray.
All life begins there, scattered by the rainbow;
Yes, and the field flowers, these deceptive blossoms,
Break from the furnace.

—VERNON WATKINS

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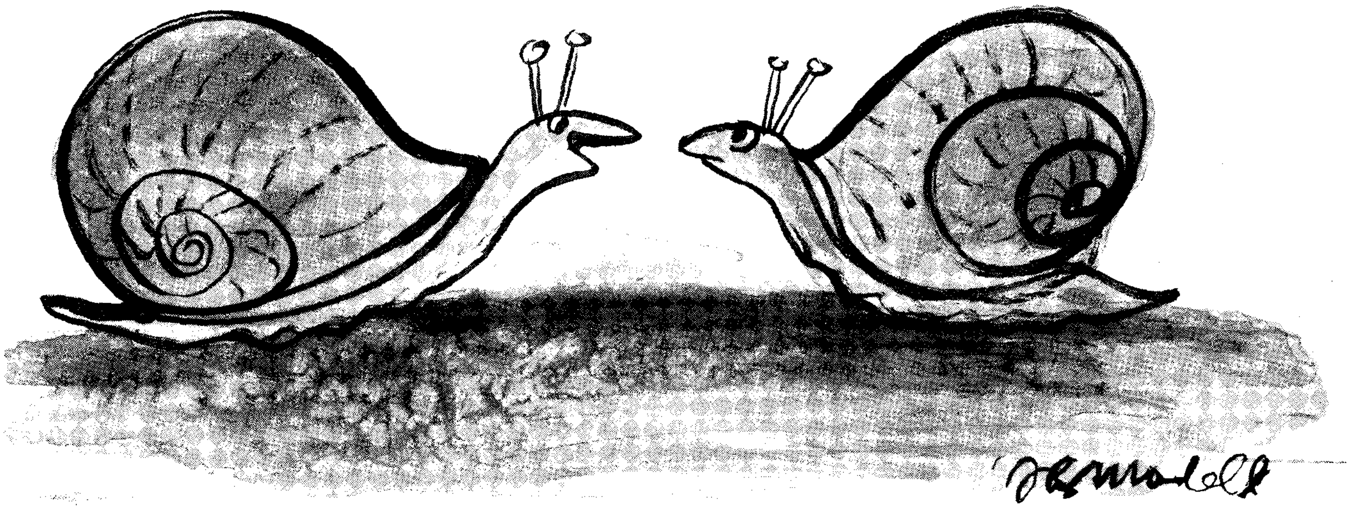


"Bonjour!"

• •

the grave. "You know what? A guy tried to kill me tonight. I'm in this bar, minding my own business, I'm phoning Monique here, and this hood comes up to me, I'm in the booth, I'm trapped, and he says, '*I'm gonna kill you!*' " He pointed an index finger at Flo and snarled at her, acting out the role of the hood. Flo withdrew, holding to Benny. "Just like that," Phil said. "I look around, and the hood says it *again*. He was ready to do it. Right then. I had to think fast. What it was, it was some other guy they wanted—not me. The hood had us mixed up. So I had to call up this hood's boss and get the hood off me. He had the wrong guy. '*I'm gonna kill you*,' he says. How do you like that? Some town, Hoboken."

All agreed that Hoboken was some town. Pauline piped up, "But did you know the gangster leader, to call him?"

Phil accepted the question as the homage it was, and bowed. Benny was delighted. The party was working out. Flo was staying beside him now; everything was working out. There might even be *actors* coming. There was music and talk and noise. That was it—noise, that was what Benny wanted.

PHIL had a game. He led Benny to a chair and sat him down. Then, on Phil's instruction, the four uncrippled men—Phil and Bill and Vic and unwilling Sheldon—all tried without success to lift Benny using only their index fingers. Then, still under Phil's instruction, they all piled their hands on top of Benny's head and pushed down, his head giving in under the strain, his neck caving in. Abruptly Phil shouted, "One, two, three!" They all released the pressure and jammed index fingers under Benny, who soared wonderfully into the air to bellows of self-congratulation from his lifters. "Your muscles overcompensate," Phil explained. "You push down hard and then you can lift almost anything. You could lift a car!" Red-faced from exertion, the men began to look for somebody else to lift.

"It's like you don't have any weight," Benny said, in amazement. He caught hold of Flo and said, "You've got to try it, too. It's the damnedest feeling."

"I don't want all that weight on my head," she said.

"Come on," Phil told her. "It won't hurt." Flo pulled away, but Benny caught her and forced her to the chair, and the others (except Ray) crowded around, the girls, too, and shoved their hands in sandwiched pressure on Flo's head. Suddenly Flo screamed in pain, but Benny and Phil were shouting instructions ("When I count three, now!") and ignored her. Only Ray seemed really to hear her. Ray pushed himself up and moved like a board across the room, but they ignored him, too. Flo screamed in pain and in fear as the pressure of all those crushing hands reached a climax.

"Hey, now, don't you hurt that lady!" Ray called out. Benny saw him coming on, vigilant and protecting, his features pained by Flo's pain, but Benny was too far along with the game.

"Now!" Benny shouted, and the heavy hands left Flo's head and index fingers lifted her into the air. She shot up to the ceiling, and then, balanced on the dipping pinnacles of all those self-hypnotized fingers, she tipped, and fell to the floor among her tormentors. She sat there among them in the debris of a nowhere love affair, her neck throbbing, and she wept tears in pain and in anger and hate and disgust and, finally, in hopelessness (she knew that Benny would be around again).

Then she saw Ray looking down at her. "They must have pretty well *hurt* you, Ma'am," Ray said. He looked as if he wanted to help her to her feet, but he was in no shape to help anybody to his feet.

Flo got up. "I'm all right," she told Ray unsteadily. She tried a reassuring smile for him, but failed. Of course Benny was at her elbow, pulling at her, wanting to know if she was all right. She pushed him away and went out the door, saying nothing.

"Easy come, easy go," said Phil.

Ray was looking at Benny in unhappy, frustrated anger. "Man, what you want to hurt that lady for? Damn it, man!"

"Don't worry about her," Benny told him unconvincingly. What did Ray know about it? It was none of Ray's business if Benny hurt Flo, or whatever he did to her.

"I just tell you, man, I don't appreciate the way you treat that lady," Ray said, increasing the menace of his words as if trying to build himself into some kind of gladiator.

What's the point arguing with him, Benny thought—the poor busted guy. Sure, he was sore about Flo; well, Benny was sore, too. "Take it easy, fella," Benny told him. "That girl is all right. She just gets sort of dramatic, puts on an act."

Ray held on, looking more and more miserable as he realized the extent of his weakness. "You got a lot to learn, Mister. You got a good woman there. You got to take care of her."

"I'll worry about it," Benny said, and turned away. He thought he might go after Flo, and went to the door, but he was a moment too late. He was stopped cold by an onrushing torrent of rangy young men who pushed right through him straight for Phil. "Where's the booze?" one of them asked. They were Phil's actors. Benny was stunned by the thought of having real actors in his house. But soon he was guiltily worrying about Flo (as usual). Her angry departure weighed like lead on his stomach. You did it again, buddy, he told himself. You screwed it up again.

One by one, the actors began to come out of the kitchen with their drinks. They eyed the party without comment. They would speak only to Phil, and only briefly even to him. Benny tried to talk with them, but they would only stare at him. *Actors*, Benny thought, still bemused by the idea of such great people in his house. He wondered if maybe they expected the rest of the party to ask them for autographs. It would have been perfect if only Flo hadn't run off. She would have got a kick out of seeing these guys. Just when she should be sharing his triumph, she was gone—gone for no good reason. Well, all right, he didn't need her, either. He could throw a party without any help from her.

The actors inspected the birdwoman and Phil's girl, Monique, and each in turn dismissed the birdwoman and found out that Monique belonged to Phil. Two actors sidled over to Benny.

One said, "Nothing moving here."

The other said, "Right. Let's split out."

They seemed to notice Benny. The first one said to him, "You breaking away or sticking?"

"I'm sticking," Benny said. The actors moved away. *Great people*, Benny thought, grateful for the brief appearance in his house of the brilliant troupe.

The others were leaving, too. Ray was edging toward the door, trying to escape without having to witness or to suffer any further injury at the hands of these head-clamping jokesters. Benny managed to pour two drinks of the remaining Scotch and to get one of them into Ray's hand. Flo was gone, but maybe Benny could still save something of the piecemeal night. "Here's to that cast coming off," Benny said.

Steadfastly, Ray sipped the drink. He looked regretfully at Benny. "You got to be careful, pushing down on a woman's head and neck like that," he said.

"I know it! You already told me!" Benny shouted. Ray shook his head sadly. Benny gave up on Ray and called good night to his friends from Queens, and to the super and the vegetable man and his boss and the blonde and all the actors.

As soon as the people had gone, the police rang the doorbell—one white cop and one Negro cop—and they went through a quick two-line skit for Benny and Ray, who were the only ones left.

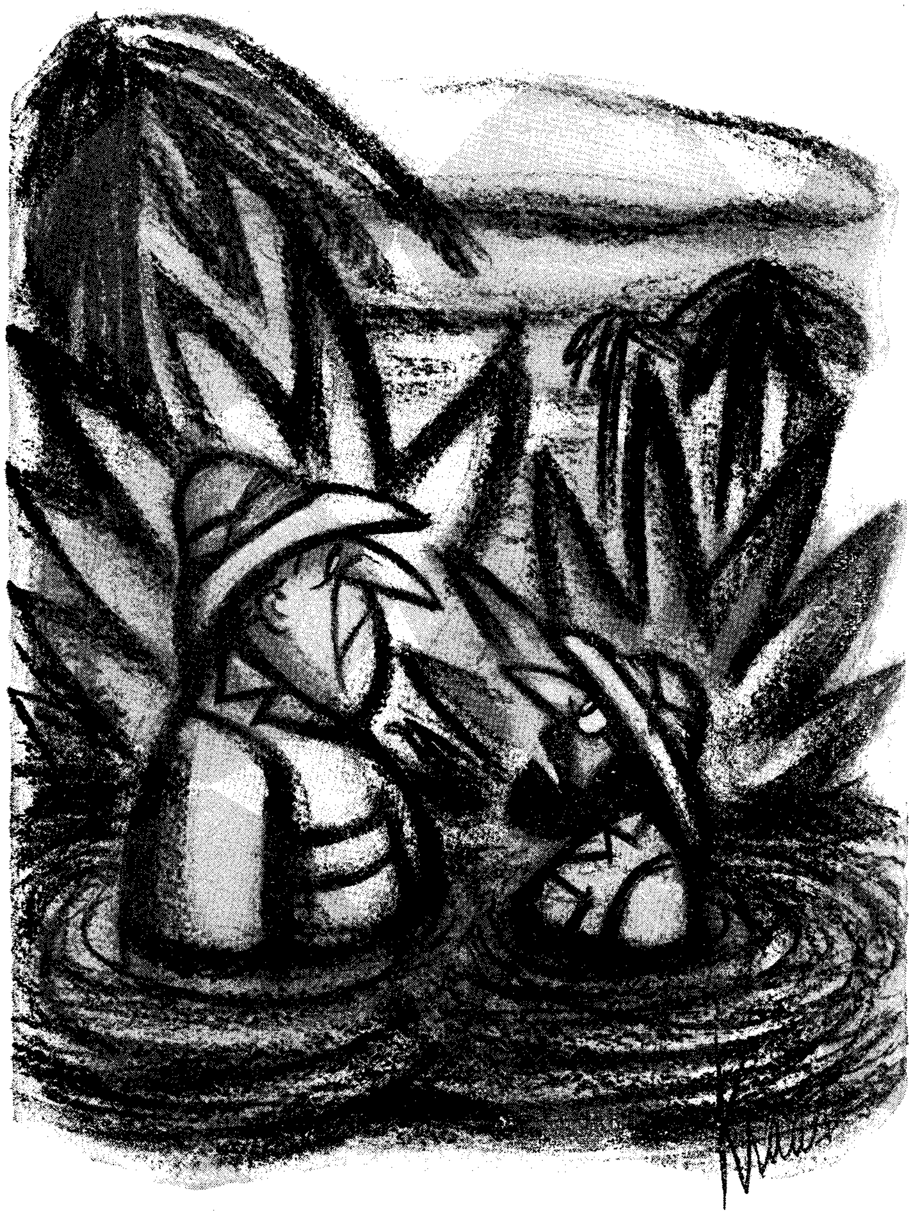
"Is the party over?" asked the Negro cop.

"The party is over," rejoined the white cop.

They explained that kill-joy neighbors had complained about the noise. Ray went away in their company, grateful for this temporary municipal protection against Phil or any of his head-clamping adepts who might ambush him outside.

Benny stood in the wreckage of his room. I tried, he thought. I tried to get them together, tried to get Flo . . . and lost Flo again. But he had had some idea, when he started—some very clear idea. It wasn't clear any more. At one point in the evening he seemed to have reached it, but just when had that been? He went to the window and leaned out and peered up the street. There they were! There were all those people who had been to his party, straggling along the sidewalk, looking for taxis or heading for the subway. But he'd had them for a little while. "Hey!" Benny shouted after them. "Hello great people!" They didn't turn back to see him; they were too far away, turning down Broadway and out of sight.

—Roy Bongartz



"*Since apparently I'll be going first, I want you to know you've been a real pal.*"

•

A large home in the southwest sector burned to the ground early Saturday. Fire Chief Charles Frey said damage was kept to a minimum.—*Miami Herald*.

Happy Charlie, always looking on the bright side.

PROFILES

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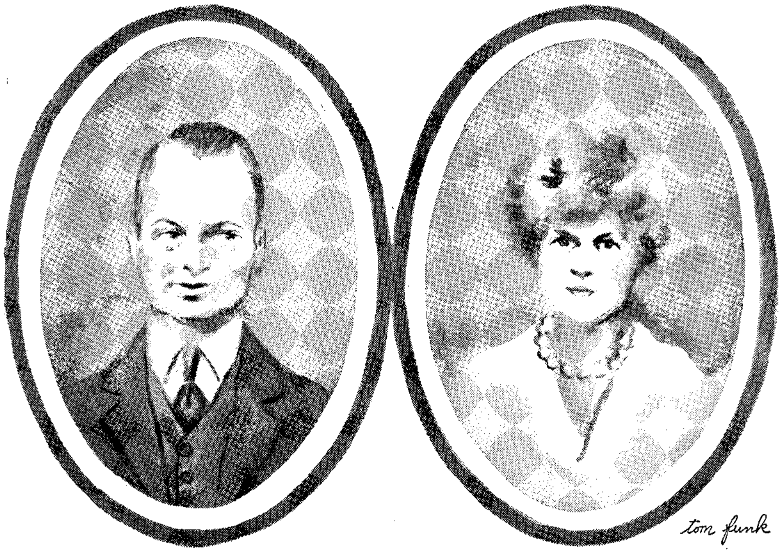

Gerald and Sara Murphy

A WRITER like F. Scott Fitzgerald, whose life can almost be said to have attracted more attention than his work, may have to wait a long time before his literary reputation finds its true level. Although "Tender Is the Night," the novel Fitzgerald liked best of the four he published during his lifetime, was generally considered a failure when it first appeared (even by Fitzgerald, who tried to improve its standing by writing a revised version that nearly everybody agreed was much worse), it has been quietly assuming, over the years, something like the status of an American classic. Sales in the past twelve months exceeded five hundred and fifty thousand copies, or about forty-five times the sale of the original edition. The book, which was out of print when Fitzgerald died, in 1940, is now available in four editions, and is required reading in a large number of college courses in American literature. If many critics still regard it as a failure, they now tend to see it as a noble failure, a flawed masterpiece, and if they still complain that the disintegration of Dick Diver, its psychiatrist hero, is never satisfactorily resolved, most of them concede that Diver is one of those rare heroes in American fiction about whom the reader really cares, and that the account of his disintegration, ambiguous though it may be, is so harrowing that it makes the glittering perfection of plot in a novel like "The Great Gatsby" seem almost too neat. The real trouble with the book, as every college English major knows, is that Fitzgerald started out by using a friend of his named Gerald Murphy as the model for Dick Diver, and then allowed Diver to change, midway through the narrative, into F. Scott Fitzgerald. To a lesser degree, he did the same thing with his heroine, Nicole Diver, who has some of the physical characteristics and mannerisms of Sara Murphy, Gerald's wife, but is in all other respects Zelda Fitzgerald. The double metamorphosis was readily apparent at the time to friends of the Fitzgeralds and the Murphys. Ernest Hemingway wrote Fitzgerald a cutting letter about the book, accusing him of cheating with his material; by starting with the Murphys and then changing them into different people, Hemingway contended, Fitzgerald had produced not people at all but beautifully faked case histories. Gerald Murphy raised the same point when he read the novel, which was dedicated "To Gerald and Sara—Many Fêtes," and Fitzgerald's reply, Murphy recalled the other day, almost floored him. "The book," Fitzgerald said, "was inspired by Sara and you, and the way I feel about you both and the way you live, and the last part of it is Zelda and me because you and Sara are the same people as Zelda and me." This astonishing statement served to confirm a long-held conviction of Sara Murphy's that Fitzgerald knew very little about people, and nothing at all about the Murphys.

Now in their seventies, the Murphys today are not inclined to think very much about the past. The book was published in 1934, and Gerald spent the next twenty-two years in his father's old position as president of Mark Cross, the New York leather-goods store—a position he took out of necessity and from which he retired, with great relief, in 1956. Last summer, he and Sara both reread "Tender Is the Night" for the first time since it was published, and with varying reactions. "I didn't like the book when I read it, and I liked it even less on rereading," Sara said. "I reject categorically any resemblance to us or to anyone we knew at any time." Gerald, on the other hand, was fascinated to discover (he had not noticed it the first time) how Fitzgerald had used "everything he noted or was told about by me" during the years that the two couples spent together in Paris and on the Riviera—the years from 1924 to 1929. Almost every incident, he became aware, almost every conversation in the opening section of the book had some basis in an actual event or conversation involving the Murphys, although it was often altered or distorted in detail.

"When I like men," Fitzgerald once wrote, "I want to be like them—I want to lose the outer qualities that give me my individuality and be like them." Fitzgerald wanted to be like Gerald Murphy because he admired Murphy as much as any man he had ever met, and because he was thoroughly fascinated, and sometimes thoroughly baffled, by the life the Murphys had created for themselves and their friends. It was a life of great originality and considerable beauty, and some of its special quality comes through in the first hundred pages of "Tender Is the Night." In the eyes of the young actress, Rosemary Hoyt, the Divers represented "the exact furthermost evolution of a class, so that most people seemed awkward beside them." Dick Diver's "extraordinary virtuosity with people," his "exquisite consideration," his "politeness that moved so fast and intuitively that it could be examined only in its effect" all were, and still are, qualities of Gerald Murphy's, and the Divers' effect on their friends has many echoes in the Murphys' effect on theirs. "People were always their best selves with the Murphys," John Dos Passos, who has known them for forty years, has said, and Archibald MacLeish, who has known them even longer, once remarked that from the beginning of the Murphys' life in Europe, "person after person—English, French, American, everybody—met them and came away saying that these people really are masters in the art of living." "At certain moments," Fitzgerald wrote in his notes for "The Last Tycoon," "one

Richard Decker

"Guess who's off to Hyannis Port for the weekend."

man appropriates to himself the total significance of a time and place." For Fitzgerald, Gerald and Sara Murphy embodied the significance of that remarkable decade in France, during which, as he once wrote, "whatever happened seemed to have something to do with art." Even though Fitzgerald himself showed very little interest in the art of his time, and ignored it completely in "Tender Is the Night," he did respond to the atmosphere of freshness and discovery that characterized the period.

When the Fitzgeralds arrived in France, in the spring of 1924, the Murphys had been there for nearly three years, and had become, according to MacLeish, a "sort of nexus with everything that was going on." In various apartments and houses they rented in or near Paris, and at a villa they were renovating at Cap d'Antibes, on the Riviera, one met not only American writers like Hemingway and MacLeish and Dos Passos but a good many of the Frenchmen and other Europeans who were forging the art of the twentieth century—Picasso, who had a studio near them in Paris, and who came down to visit them in Antibes; Léger, who liked to take them on nocturnal tours of Paris's earthy little cafés, bars, dance halls, and sideshows; Stravinsky, who came to dinner and unfailingly commented on the flavor of the bread, which Sara sprinkled with water and put into the oven before serving. "The Murphys were among the first Americans I ever met," Stravinsky said recently, "and they gave me the most agreeable impression of the United States." The couple had come to know most of their European friends through the Ballets Russes of Serge Diaghilev, for whom they had both volunteered to work as unpaid apprentices soon after their arrival in Paris in 1921, when they learned that a fire had destroyed most of the company's scenery. The Murphys, who had been studying painting with one of Diaghilev's designers, Natalia Goncharova, went to the company's atelier in the Belleville quarter to help repaint the décors for "Scheherazade," "Pulcinella," and other ballets, and Picasso, Braque, Derain, Bakst, and other Diaghilev artists came by frequently to supervise the work and comment on it. "Anybody who was interested in the Diaghilev ballet company became a member automatically," Murphy says. "You knew everybody, you knew all the dancers, and everybody asked your opinion on things. The ballet was the focal center of the whole modern movement in the arts."

CERTAINLY no two Americans could have been more ideally conditioned by background and temperament to recognize and respond to everything that was going on, or to feel so thoroughly at home in the excitement of the modern movement. Sara Murphy, the eldest of three daughters of a Cincinnati ink manufacturer named Frank B. Wiborg, had spent a large part of her childhood in Europe with her mother and sisters. The three girls were strikingly beautiful, in entirely different ways: Olga, the youngest, had a serene, classic beauty; Mary Hoyt ("Hoytie") was dramatic, dark, and intense; and Sara's piquant looks and golden hair reflected the family's Scandinavian heritage. Their paternal grandfather was Norwegian. Through family connections—Mrs. Wiborg was General William Tecumseh Sherman's favorite niece, and a great friend of Mrs. Patrick Campbell—the girls were exposed to London society, where their "American" directness and their unselfconscious talent for singing a wide repertoire of operatic arias and American folk songs in three-part harmony delighted the English. The three sisters were presented at the Court of St. James's in 1914. ("That year," wrote Lady Diana Cooper in her autobiography, "the Wiborg girls were the rage of London.") Sara spoke fluent French, German, and Italian, said just what she thought to everyone, and was not in the slightest degree impressed by fashionable society. "I love Sara," Lady Diana once said to Mrs. Wiborg. "She's a cat who goes her own way." Gerald Murphy, who had known Sara for eleven years before they were married, in 1916 (they met at her family's summer place in East Hampton), says now that while he would be unable to relate a single incident in his life in which she did not play a part, she has remained so essentially and naïvely original that "to this day I have no idea what she will do, say, or propose."

Until 1921, Gerald Murphy's contact with Europe had been largely vicarious. His father, Patrick Francis Murphy, for twenty-five years spent five months a year in the capitals of Europe studying the details of the Europeans' way of life and the implements

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FLORENCE EISEMAN

contrived for it, which he screened and, in many cases, improved upon before putting them on sale in the Mark Cross store, then at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street. The elder Murphy introduced, among other items, Minton china, English cut crystal, Scottish golf clubs, and Sheffield cutlery, as well as the first thermos bottle ever seen in the United States. Moreover, he designed and made up the first wristwatch, at the suggestion of a British infantry officer who complained that a pocket watch was too cumbersome for trench warfare. Patrick Murphy had taken over Mark W. Cross's modest Boston saddlery shop in the eighteen-eighties and built it into an elegant New York store, but he was far from being a typical successful merchant of the era. He spent most of the day reading the English classics in his office (he had a special passion for Macaulay), he was known as the wittiest after-dinner speaker of his time, and he had not the slightest desire to become a wealthy man. Fred Murphy, Gerald's older brother, chafed under their father's refusal to see the store expand. ("How many times must I tell you I don't *want* to make more money?" Gerald remembers his father saying.) Their arguments led to an estrangement that was not made up until Fred lay dying of wounds suffered as a tank officer in the First World War; along with one other officer in his regiment, Major George S. Patton (who carried a pearl-handled revolver even then), Fred had volunteered for the first French tank corps, in the days when tank officers ran alongside the tanks to direct their operations. Fred and Gerald were never particularly close. According to Monty Woolley, the actor, who was a class ahead of Gerald at Yale, "The relation between the brothers was something that always seemed comical to me. Their politeness to one another was formidable. They never relaxed in each other's presence." Gerald's sister, Esther, is ten years younger; she has lived for many years in Paris.

Along with his father's extraordinary taste, Gerald inherited an aversion to the crasser forms of competition, which made him regret his decision to go to Yale. "I was very unhappy there," he says. "You always felt that you were expected to make good in some form of extracurricular activity, and there was such constant pressure on you that you couldn't make a stand against it—I couldn't, anyway." By not making a stand, he was elected to the top fraternity (DKE), was tapped for Skull and Bones, was made manager of the

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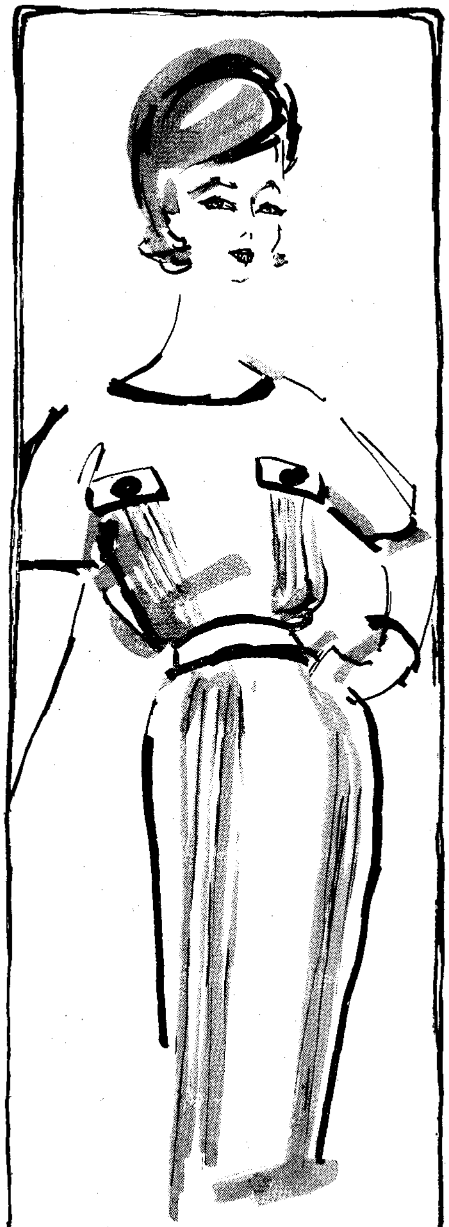

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glee club and chairman of the dance committee, and was voted the best-dressed man in the class of 1911. "This was the blue-sweater era at Yale," MacLeish, who was in Bones three years behind Murphy, points out, "and it was most unusual to be tapped for Bones if you weren't on the football team. Gerald was unimpressed by the honor. When my wife and I went over to Paris in the twenties, everybody wanted us to meet the Murphys—I had not known him at college—but they avoided us for six weeks, and I had the impression it was because Gerald knew I was a Bones man." Among Murphy's close friends today are only two men he knew at Yale—Monty Woolley and Cole Porter, who was two classes behind him.

After his graduation, Murphy spent six years working for his father in the Mark Cross company. In 1916, he married Sara Wiborg, and the next year enlisted in the aircraft arm of the Signal Corps. He was on the verge of being transferred to the Handley-Page unit in England when the armistice was signed. ("I got to the gangplank at Hoboken," he says.) By that time, he knew that he did not want to continue at Mark Cross. What, his father inquired, *did* he want to do? Gerald, who had had no idea until that moment, announced that he wanted to study landscape architecture. "I had to say something," he recalls, "and that's what came out." The Murphys spent the next two years in Cambridge, where Gerald studied at the Harvard School of Landscape Architecture, and then, like a good many of their fellow-countrymen, they decided to live in Europe, even though by this time there were three young Murphys—Honoria, Baoth, and Patrick. "You had the feeling," Murphy says, "that the bluenoses were in the saddle over here, and that a government that could pass the Eighteenth Amendment could, and probably would, do a lot of other things to make life in the States as stuffy and bigoted as possible." Perhaps more important, according to Sara, was the desire to escape from the pressure of "two very powerful families—mine especially." In any case, they had enough money to live comfortably in Europe, where the rate of exchange was highly favorable to Americans; Sara's father had recently divided his fortune into equal shares, and the income from Sara's portion came to seven thousand dollars a year. In 1921, with their three children and with "foreign resident" stamped on their passports, they sailed for Europe and, after a summer in England, settled for the

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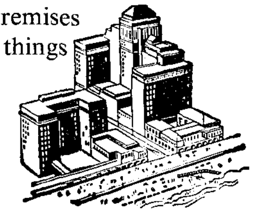

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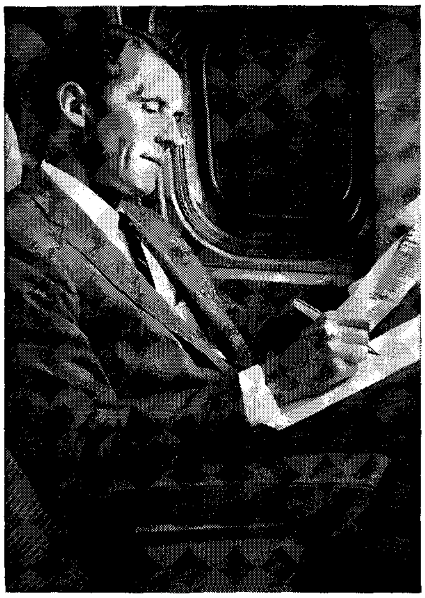

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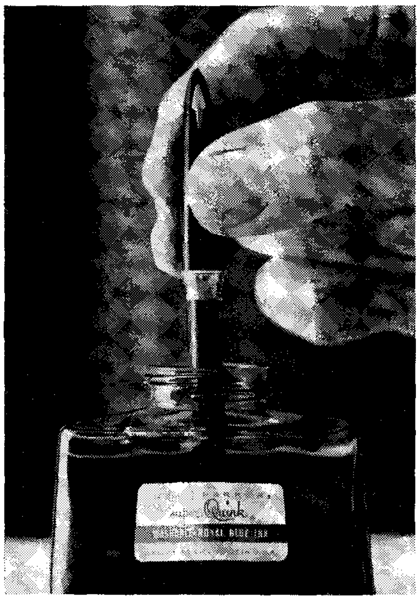

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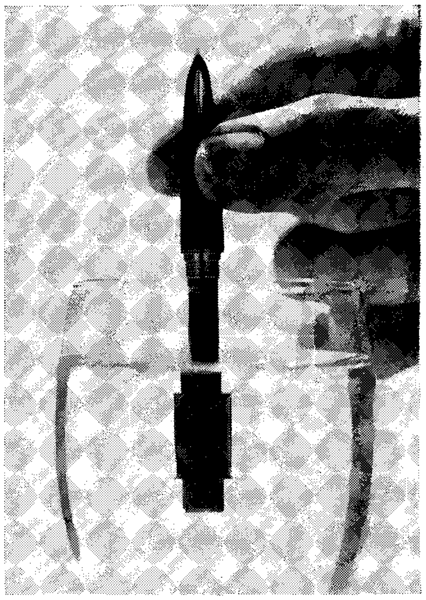

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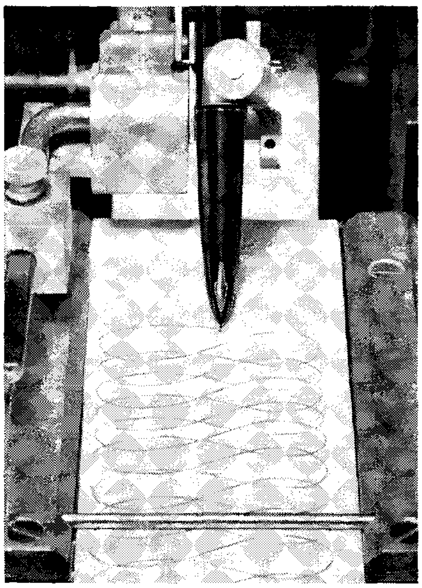

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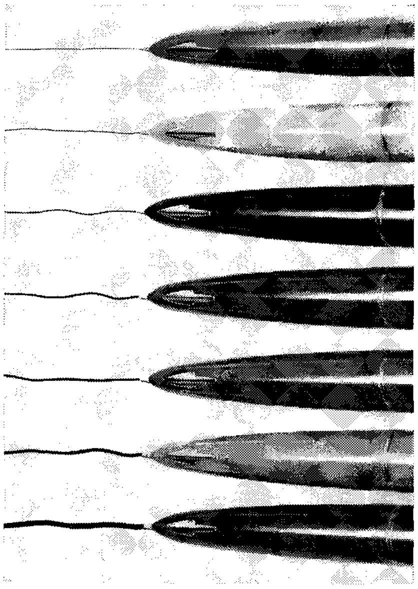

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Walking down the Rue de la Boëtie one day, Murphy stopped to look in the window of the Rosenberg Gallery, went inside, and saw, for the first time in his life, paintings by Braque and Picasso and Juan Gris. "I was astounded," he says. "My reaction to the color and form was immediate; to me there was something in these paintings that was instantly sympathetic and comprehensible and fresh and new. I said to Sara, 'If that's painting, it's what I want to do.' " This was the beginning of his career as a painter—a career that lasted for seven years, produced, in all, eight remarkable canvases, and ended as abruptly as it began. His only formal training was with Natalia Goncharova, and at first Sara studied along with him. "We went to Goncharova's studio on the Rue Jacob every morning, and she explained to us the elements of modern painting," he says. "She started us out with absolutely abstract painting—wouldn't let us put on canvas anything that resembled anything we had ever seen. Larionov, her husband, used to come in at night and criticize our work." In a short time, Murphy began to evolve a style of his own, which lay midway between realism and abstraction. His pictures, which were often very large, were characterized by hard, flat color and by a meticulous rendering of objects in the finest detail—a safety razor, the inside of a watch, a wasp devouring a pear. He worked slowly, taking months to complete a picture. In 1923, he was exhibited at the Salon des Indépendants, and his work caused a stir among the Paris artists, some of whom saw it as an original contribution; Léger, in fact, announced that Murphy was the only *American* painter in Paris, meaning the only one who had shown a really American response to the new postwar French painting. Not everyone agreed. Segonzac, one of the judges for the 1924 Indépendants, argued strongly against hanging Murphy's "Boatdeck: Cunarder," a twelve-by-eighteen-foot canvas showing the stacks and ventilators of an ocean liner; he dismissed it as "*peinture de bâtiment*." He was overruled, and Murphy was photographed for the newspapers standing in front of his gigantic picture, wearing a bowler and a cryptic expression.

As hundreds of accounts of the era have by now attested, American expatriate life in Paris in the twenties was in general one of rather self-conscious intellectual ferment. For the Murphys, however, it was something different. Older by a decade than most of their fellow-expatriates, and leading a relatively stable existence that centered largely on their children, they had little in common with the determined bohemianism of many of the Americans in Montparnasse. Most of their American friends were married couples with children, who, like them, had come to live in Paris primarily because, as Gertrude Stein put it, "Paris was where the twentieth century was." "Of all of us over there in the twenties, Gerald and Sara sometimes seemed to be the only real expatriates," MacLeish said recently. "They couldn't stand the people in their social sphere at home, whom they considered stuffy and dull. They had enormous contempt for American schools and colleges, and used to say that their daughter Honoria must never, never marry a boy who had gone to Yale. [Actually, Honoria married a Georgetown University man, and now lives in McLean, Virginia, with her husband and three children.] And yet, at the same time, they both seemed to treasure a sort of Whitmanesque belief in the pure native spirit of America, in the possibility of an American art and music and literature." The Murphys' household, in fact, was a place where their fellow-countrymen could keep up with much that was going on at home. Gerald had an arrangement with the drummer in Jimmy Durante's band to send them, in monthly shipments, the latest jazz records. He imported the new gadgets being produced in America (an electric waffle iron, for one), knew the latest American dances, and read the new American books. The French, who were fascinated by anything American, used to love to hear the Murphys sing Negro folk songs and spirituals, which Gerald had been collecting for years; long before, he had discovered in an old magazine in the Boston Public Library the texts of many songs sung by Southern Negroes during the Civil War, and he and Sara had compiled a large repertoire of these, which they sang in two-part harmony, Gerald singing tenor and Sara alto. They sang them once for Erik Satie, who was delighted with them. The dean of Les Six had a lively interest in Americans (he once wrote that he owed much to Columbus, "because the American spirit has occasionally tapped me on the shoulder, and I have been delighted to feel its ironically glacial bite"), and on that occasion he had come to the Paris house of Mrs. Winthrop Chanler expressly to hear the Murphys' Negro music. As they sang, Murphy played a simple piano accom-

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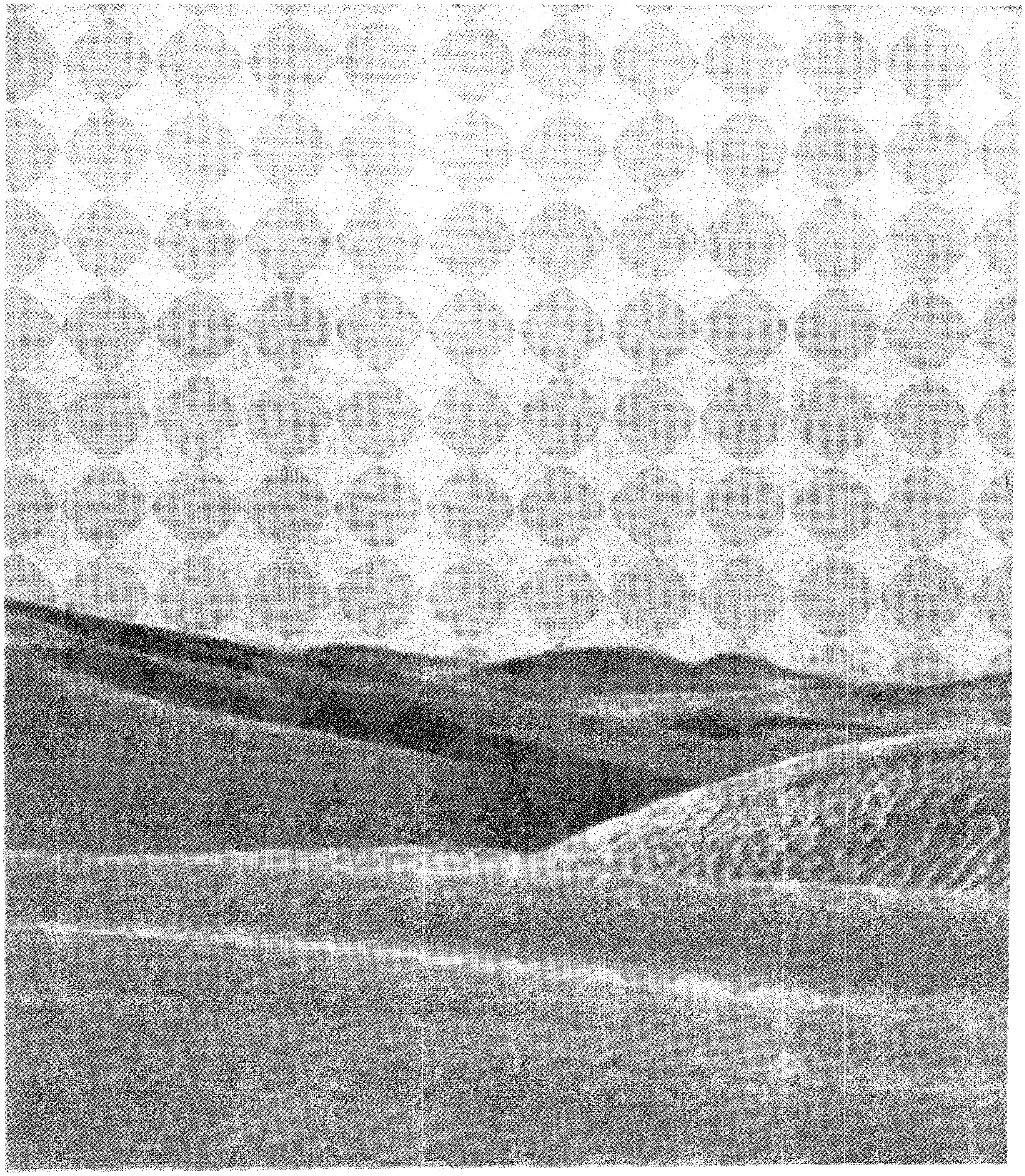

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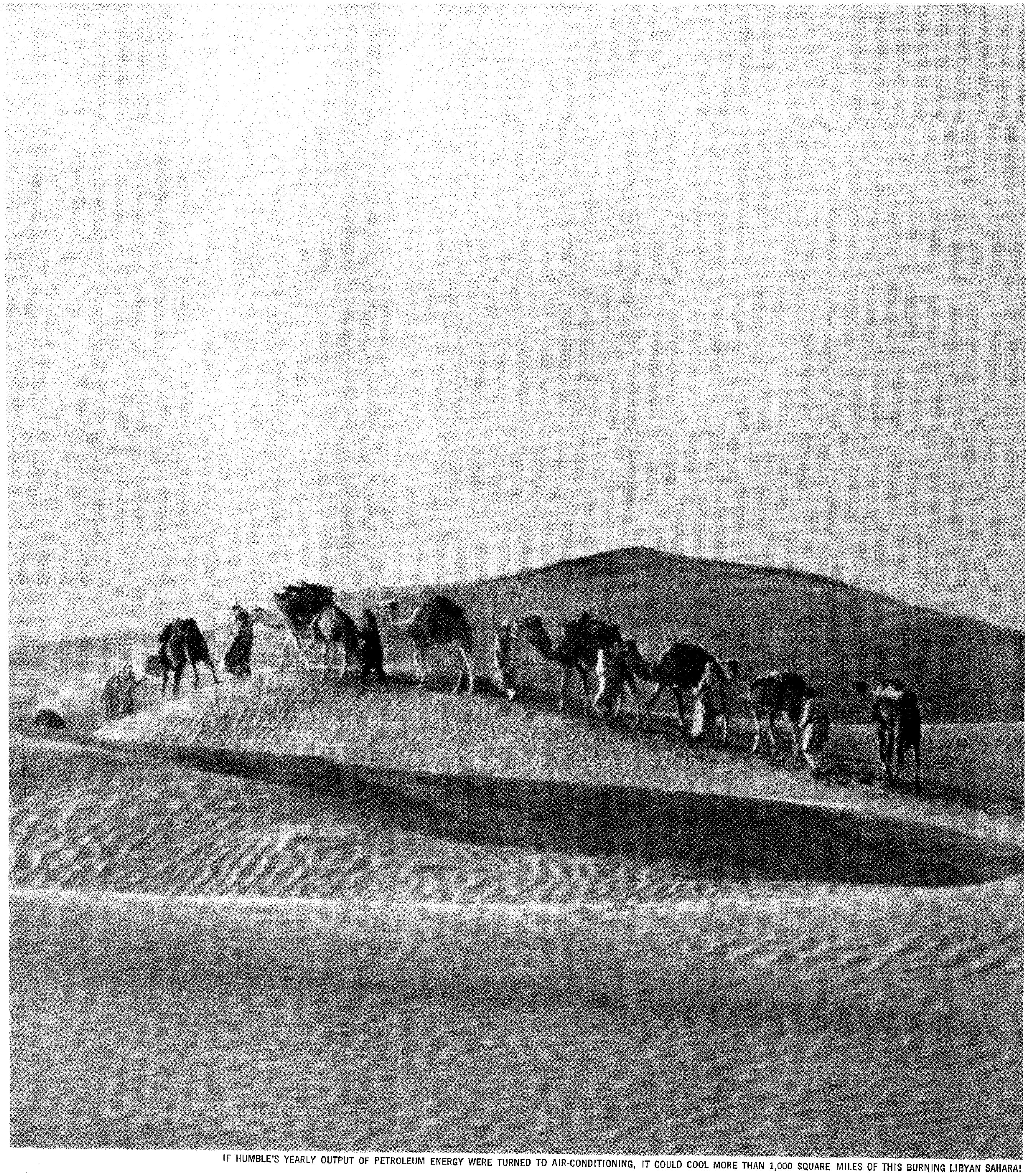

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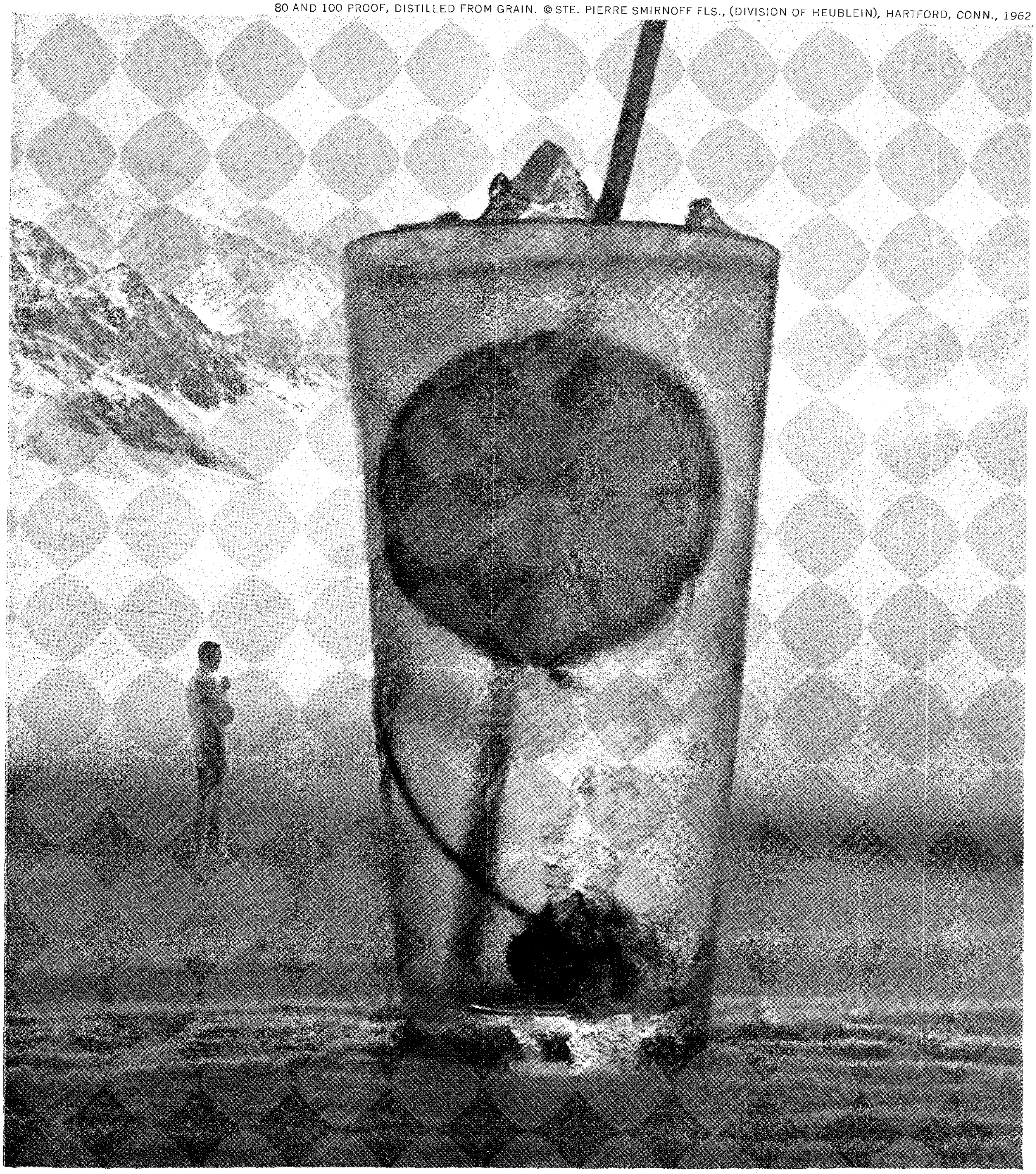

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paniment he had worked out. "After we'd finished," he recalls, "Mrs. Chanler asked Satie how he liked them, and he said, 'Wonderful, but there should be no piano. Have them turn their backs and do it again.' So we did the whole thing over without accompaniment, and Satie said 'Never sing them any other way' and left."

For the Murphys and their friends, though, America had not yet caught up with the new century; the center of the world just then was Paris. "Every day was different," Murphy says. "There was a tension and an excitement in the air that was almost physical. Always a new exhibition, or a recital of the new music, or a Dadaist manifestation, or a costume ball in Montparnasse, or a première of a new play or ballet, or one of Etienne de Beaumont's fantastic 'Soirées de Paris' in Montmartre—and you'd go to each one and find everybody else there, too." One of the major events of the spring of 1923, during the Murphys' second year in Paris, was the première of Stravinsky's ballet "Les Noces" by the Diaghilev company. Of all Stravinsky's scores, the one for this powerful work, based on the simple, somewhat savage ritual of a Russian peasant wedding, was Diaghilev's favorite. The impresario was so enthusiastic about it that he had persuaded three well-known composers—Francis Poulenc, Georges Auric, and Vittorio Rieti—to perform three of the four piano parts (Stravinsky had used pianos almost as percussion instruments); the fourth part was played by Marcelle Meyer, the leading interpreter of the new music and a friend of Sara's and Gerald's. The Murphys attended all rehearsals, and brought some of their friends, including Dos Passos; he, in turn, brought E. E. Cummings, who sat in the back row and resisted meeting the Murphys. ("I can understand that," Dos Passos explained. "I've spent most of my life keeping my friends apart.")

"The excitement over 'Les Noces' was rising to such a pitch that we felt moved to do something to celebrate the première," Murphy says. "We decided to have a party for everyone directly related to the ballet, as well as for those friends of ours who were following its genesis. Our idea was to find a place worthy of the event. We first approached the manager of the Cirque Médrano, but he felt that our party would not be fitting for such an ancient institution. I remember him saying haughtily, '*Le Cirque Médrano n'est pas encore une colonie américaine.*' Our next thought was the restaurant on a large, transformed *péniche*, or barge,

Q What Is a Listed Stock?

A stock exchange is simply an organization of brokers and dealers doing business for their customers and themselves in a specified market place. When a corporation's securities are listed on an exchange, they are eligible for trading there by members of that exchange. To list securities, a company must meet certain standards of the exchange and file a registration statement with the Securities & Exchange Commission.

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that was tied up in the Seine in front of the Chambre des Députés and was used exclusively by the deputies themselves every day except Sunday. The management there was delighted with our idea, and couldn't have been more coöperative." The party was held on June 17th, the Sunday following the première. It began at 7 P.M., and the first person to arrive was Stravinsky, who dashed into the *salle à manger* to inspect, and even rearrange, the distribution of place cards. He was apparently satisfied with his own seating—on the right hand of the Princesse de Polignac, who had commissioned "Les Noces."

Like the famous "Banquet Rousseau," in 1908, at which Picasso and his friends paid homage to Le Douanier Rousseau, the Murphys' *péniche* party has assumed over the years a sort of legendary aura, so that people who may or may not have been there give vivid and conflicting descriptions of the event. The forty-odd people who *were* there constituted a kind of summit meeting of the modern movement in Paris: Picasso, Darius Milhaud, Jean Cocteau, Ernest Ansermet (who conducted "Les Noces"), Germaine Tailleferre, Marcelle Meyer, Diaghilev, Natalia Goncharova and Larionov, Tristan Tzara, Blaise Cendrars, and Scofield Thayer, the editor of the *Dial*. There were four or five *premières danseuses* from the company, and two of the male principals, but the Murphys had been advised not to invite the whole *corps de ballet;* Diaghilev, a stickler for rank, would not have approved. After cocktails on the canopied upper deck of the *péniche*, the guests drifted downstairs to the *salle à manger*—all except Cocteau, whose horror of seasickness was so excruciating that he refused to come on board until the last Seine excursion boat, with its rolling wake, had gone by. The champagne dinner that followed was memorable, and so was the décor. Having discovered at the last moment that it was impossible to buy fresh flowers on a Sunday, the Murphys had gone to a bazaar in Montparnasse and bought up bags and bags of toys—fire engines, cars, animals, dolls, clowns—and they had arranged these in little pyramids at intervals down the long banquet table. Picasso was entranced. He immediately collected a quantity of toys and worked them into a fantastic "accident," topped off by a cow perched on a fireman's ladder. Dinner went on for hours, interspersed with music (Ansermet and Marcelle Meyer played a piano at one end of the room) and dancing by the ballerinas. Cocteau finally came aboard. He found his way into the barge cap-

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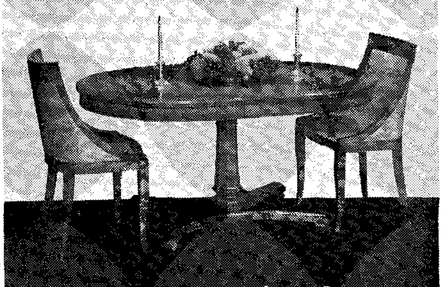

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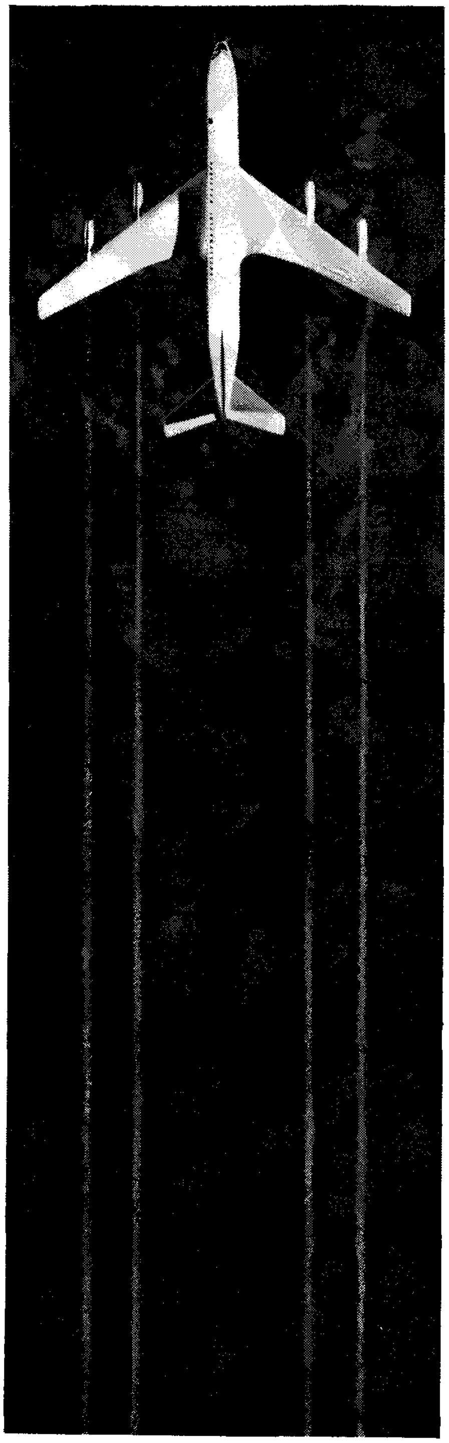

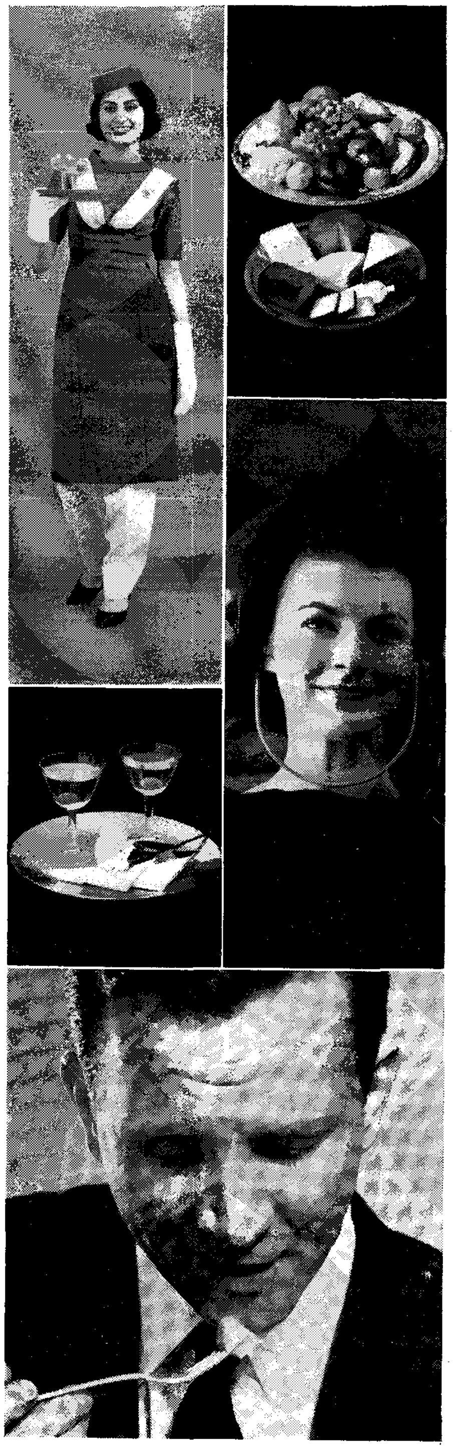

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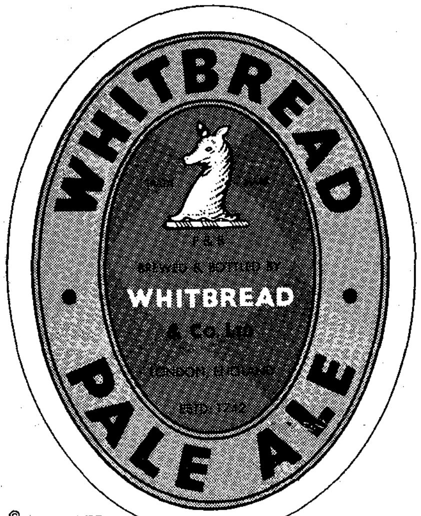

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tain's cabin and put on the captain's dress uniform, and he now went about carrying a lantern and putting his head in at portholes to announce gravely, "*On coule*" ("We're sinking"). At one point, Murphy noted with astonishment that Ansermet and Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's secretary, had managed to take down an enormous laurel wreath, bearing the inscription "Les Noces—Hommages," that had been hung from the ceiling, and were holding it for Stravinsky, who ran the length of the room and leaped nimbly through the center. No one really got drunk, no one went home much before dawn, and no one, in all probability, has ever forgotten the party. As Cocteau put it, "*Depuis le jour de ma première communion, c'est le plus beau soir de ma vie.*"

The Murphys left Paris soon afterward to spend the summer in Antibes. They had discovered the Riviera the preceding summer, when Cole Porter had invited them down to his rented château at Cap d'Antibes for two weeks. "Cole has always had great originality about finding new places," Murphy says, "and at that time no one ever went near the Riviera in summer. The English and Germans—there were no longer any Russians—who came down for the short spring season closed their villas as soon as it began to get warm. None of them ever went in the water, you see. When we went to visit Cole, it was hot, hot summer, but the air was dry, and it was cool in the evening, and the water was that wonderful jade-and-amethyst color. Right out on the end of the Cap there was a tiny beach—the Garoupe—only about forty yards long and covered with a bed of seaweed that must have been four feet thick. We dug out a corner of the beach and bathed there and sat in the sun, and we decided that this was where we wanted to be. Oddly, Cole never came back, but from the beginning we knew we were going to." There was a small hotel on the Cap that had been operated for thirty-five years by Antoine Sella and his family; ordinarily, it closed down on May 1st, when the Sellas went off to manage a hotel in the Italian Alps. That summer, though, the Murphys persuaded Sella to keep the Hôtel du Cap open on a minimum basis, with a cook, a waiter, and a chambermaid as the entire staff, and they moved in with their children, sharing the place with a Chinese family who had been staying there and had decided to remain when they learned that the hotel would stay open.

The Murphys' regular companions that summer were Picasso and his wife,

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Olga; his young son, Paolo; and his elderly mother, Señora Maria Ruiz. They had come down to visit the Murphys at the Hôtel du Cap and had liked the region so much that they took a villa in nearby Antibes. Picasso was working at that time in two radically different styles—the late-Cubist phase that produced such milestones as his 1921 "Three Musicians," and the monumental, figurative style of his classical period, influenced by his work with the Diaghilev ballet. He was struck by the way Sara slung her pearls down her back when she wore them to the beach (it was "good for them to get the sun," she explained), and some of the women in his classical paintings and drawings of this period are shown with pearl necklaces thrown over their shoulders in Sara's manner. It was a touch that Scott Fitzgerald later made use of when he described Nicole Diver sitting on the beach with "her brown back hanging from her pearls." Gerald and Sara saw the Picassos nearly every day, and were unfailingly diverted by the painter's grotesque observations. "He *blagued* all the time, about everything," Gerald says, "and he rarely expressed an idea that was in any way abstract. In fact, the only time I ever remember him saying anything of an abstract sort was one day when we all happened to see an old black farm dog hold up a chauffeur-driven cabriolet by lying stubbornly in the road, in the shade of a fig tree. The chauffeur finally had to get out and shoo him away with a lap robe. Picasso watched the whole pantomime without a shade of expression, and when the car had driven on and the dog had come back to lie down in the road again, he said '*Moi, je voudrais être un chien.*' " Picasso seemed to be fascinated with Americans at that time. Once, in Paris, he invited the Murphys to his apartment, on the Rue de la Boëtie, for an apéritif, and, after showing them through the place, in every room of which were pictures in various stages of completion, he led Gerald rather ceremoniously to an alcove that contained a tall cardboard box. "It was full of illustrations, photographs, engravings, and reproductions clipped from newspapers," Murphy recalls. "All of them dealt with a single person—Abraham Lincoln. 'I've been collecting them since I was a child,' Picasso said. 'I have thousands, thousands!' He held up one of Brady's photographs of Lincoln, and said with great feeling, '*Voilà la vraie élégance américaine!*' "

Before the summer was out, the Murphys decided to buy a villa of their own. What they wanted above all was a garden, and they found one on a hill just below the Antibes lighthouse, attached to the home of a French Army officer who had spent most of his professional life as a military attaché in the Near East. The villa itself was a sort of chalet, small and unpretentious, but the garden was extraordinary. Each year, returning on home leave, the owner had brought back exotic trees and plants—date palms, Arabian maples with pure-white leaves, pepper trees, olives, ever-bearing lemon trees, black and white figs—all of which had prospered and proliferated. Heliotrope and mimosa ran wild through the garden, which flowed down from the house in a series of levels, intersected by gravel paths. There was hardly a flower that would not grow there, for it was on a side of the hill that was protected from the mistral. At night, the whole place throbbed with nightingales. In "Tender Is the Night," the Divers' villa is actually a cross between the Murphys' and a villa, high up above the Corniche near Eze, owned by Samuel Barlow, the American composer. Barlow had razed several ancient peasant cottages to make his garden, and had incorporated several others into his house. The Murphys went to no such lengths with their property, but they did undertake a fairly extensive remodelling of the villa, which required nearly two years to complete. They had the peaked chalet roof replaced with a flat sun roof—one of the first sun roofs ever seen on the Riviera—thus providing a second story and two bedrooms for the children. They put down an outdoor terrace of gray and white marble tiles, taking great care to preserve a huge silver linden tree, under which they later served almost all their meals. With his unerring eye for good design in everyday objects, Murphy sought out the dealers who serviced the local restaurants and cafés and bought a supply of traditional rattan café chairs and plain deal tables, the legs of which he painted black. Inside, the décor was a trifle severe (black satin furniture and white walls), but the house was always full of Sara's flowers from the garden, freshly picked and arranged every day—oleanders, tulips, roses, mimosa, heliotrope, jasmine, camellias.

While the Villa America, as they had decided to call it, was being renovated, the Murphys returned to Paris for a winter of great activity. Through Léger, who was then executing the sets for the Milhaud ballet "La Création du

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Monde," Murphy had received a commission to create an "American" ballet that would serve as a curtain-raiser for the main event. Both were to be put on by the Swedish ballet company then resident in Paris, the Ballets Suédois. Rolf de Maré, the company's director, asked Murphy whether he knew of any young American composers in Paris who might do a score in the American idiom, and Murphy, without a moment's hesitation, suggested the little known Cole Porter. The result of their collaboration was "Within the Quota," a lively thirty-minute work satirizing the impressions of a young Swedish immigrant to the United States. Gerald worked out the story line and painted a stunning curtain, which was a parody of the Hearst newspapers of the day, with an ocean liner standing on end beside the Woolworth Building; across the top ran a gigantic headline reading, "UNKNOWN BANKER BUYS ATLANTIC." Cole Porter's score was a witty parody of the piano music played in silent-movie theatres. Just before the première, Léger had de Maré switch the order of performance; he appeared to feel that the spirited curtain-raiser might attract attention away from the main work. Both ballets, in any case, were warmly received.

That spring, the Murphys rented a house that had belonged to Gounod, and still remained in his family, on a hill in Saint-Cloud, overlooking Paris. Archibald MacLeish's poem "Sketch for a Portrait of Mme. G—— M——" describes Sara in terms of her sitting room in this lovely old house ("Its fine proportions in that attitude/ of gratified compliance worn by salons/ whose white-and-gold has settled into home"), and expresses, incidentally, what all the Murphys' friends have remarked on at one time or another—their talent for making any place they live in seem a revelation of their own personalities. The Murphys did not entertain lavishly. Although a recent biography of Scott Fitzgerald has them giving parties for forty people at Maxim's, with Murphy tipping the coatroom attendant in advance to spare the "poorer artists" in his group any embarrassment ("My God!" Murphy exclaimed after reading this. "Can you imagine anything more arrogant?"), the fact was that neither he nor Sara could stand large parties (which Sara called "holocausts"), and, with the exception of the fête for "Les Noces" and one or two others, they never gave them. "It wasn't parties that made it such a gay time," Sara says now. "There was such affection between everybody. You loved

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money

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your friends and wanted to see them every day, and usually you did see them every day. It was like a great fair, and everybody was so young."

Work on the Villa America was proceeding slowly, and when the Murphys went down to Antibes for the summer of 1924 they had to put up again at the Hôtel du Cap. Several of their friends visited them there—the Gilbert Seldeses (on their honeymoon), Etienne de Beaumont and his wife, and, later on, in August, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald and their daughter Frances, or "Scottie." The Murphys had met the Fitzgeralds in Paris that spring, soon after their arrival in Europe. Scott and Zelda had announced that they were fleeing the hectic life of social Long Island, and in June they had settled in Saint-Raphaël, where they planned to live on "practically nothing a year." When they came over to visit the Murphys at the Hôtel du Cap, it was evident that the quiet life had so far eluded them. Severe marital strains, in fact, had put them both on edge. One night, after they had all gone to bed, the Murphys were awakened by Scott, who stood outside their door with a candle in his violently trembling hand. "Zelda's sick," he said, and added in a tense voice, as they hurried down the hall, "I don't think she did it on purpose." She had swallowed a large, but not fatal, quantity of sleeping pills, and they had to spend the rest of the night walking her up and down to keep her awake. For the Murphys, it was the first of many experiences with the Fitzgeralds' urge toward self-destruction. Later in their stay, when Sara remonstrated with them for their dangerous habit of coming back late from parties and then, on Zelda's initiative, diving into the sea from thirty-five-foot rocks, fully clothed in evening dress, Zelda turned her wide, penetrating eyes on her and said innocently, "But, Sara"—she pronounced it "Say-ra"—"didn't you know? We don't believe in conservation."

Toward the end of the summer, work on the Villa America had progressed far enough for the Murphys to move in, and from that time until they left Europe for good, ten years later, it was their real home, although they also kept a small apartment on the Quai des Grands-Augustins, on the Left Bank. They went up to Paris at least once a month and stayed in close touch with everything that was going on in the capital—that winter, Gerald exhibited a six-by-six-foot "miniature on a giant scale" of the inside of a watch at the Salon des Indépendants—but the Cap d'Antibes was now their base. Murphy

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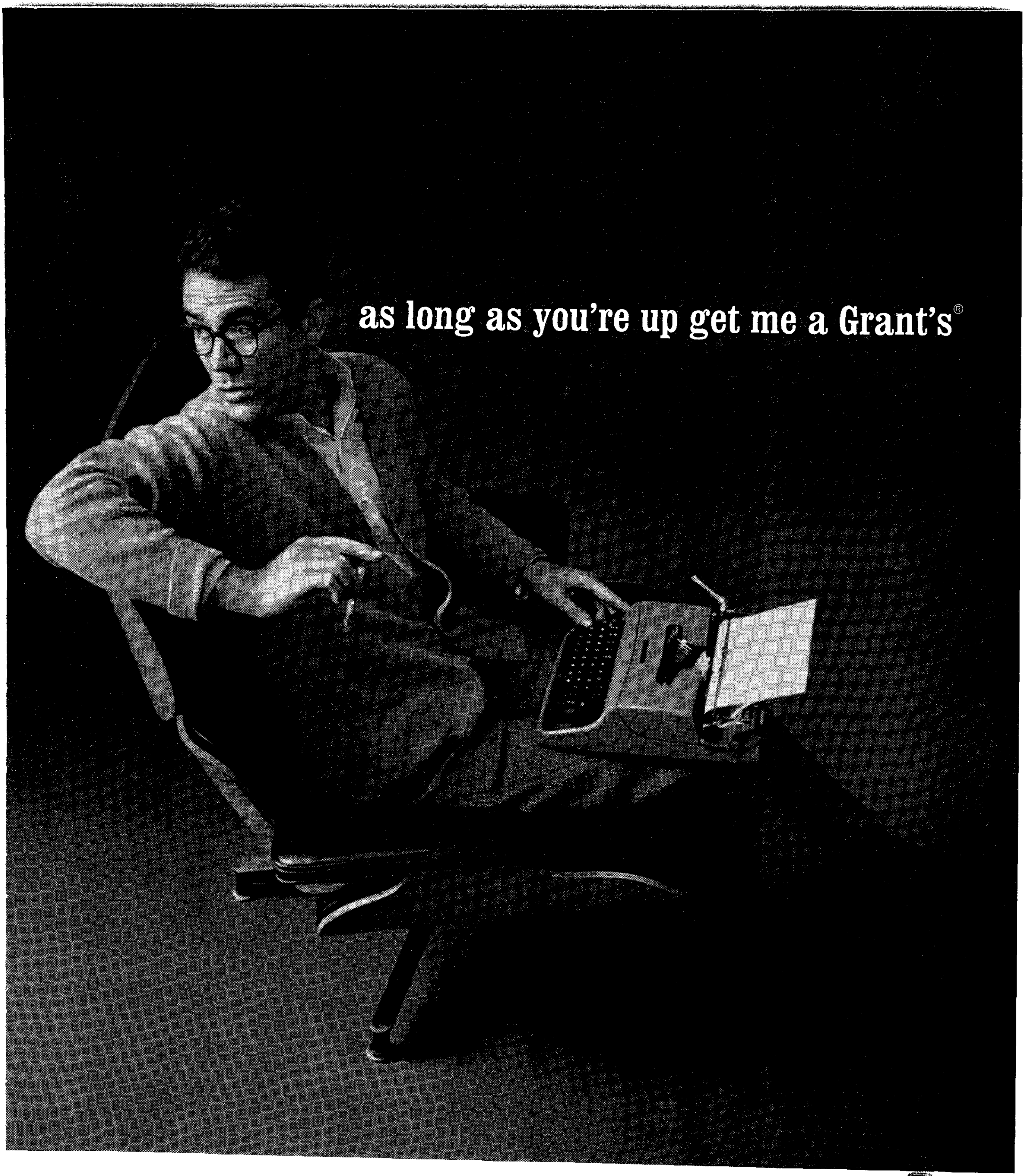
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had converted a gardener's cottage into a studio, where he worked a good part of every day. Another small farmhouse, or *bastide*, on the property had been made over into a guest cottage. The children—then three, five, and six—were overjoyed by the new arrangements, and it seemed to most of the Murphys' friends that the life of this fortunate family had fallen into its true pattern.

THOSE closest to the Murphys find it almost impossible to describe the special quality of their life, or the charm it had for their friends. An evening spent in their fragrant garden, looking out over the water toward Cannes and the mountains beyond, listening to records from Gerald's encyclopedic collection (everything from Bach to the latest jazz), savoring the delicious food that always seemed to appear, exquisitely prepared and served, at the precise moment and under the precise circumstances guaranteed to bring out all its best qualities (Provençal dishes, for the most part, with vegetables and fruits from the Murphys' garden, though there was often a typically American dish, such as poached eggs on a bed of creamed corn); the passionate attention to every detail of his guests' pleasure that gave Murphy himself such obvious pleasure; Sara's piquant beauty and wit, and the intense joy she took in her life and her friends; the three beautiful children, who seemed, like most children who inhabit a special private world, to be completely at home in adult company (Honoria, who looked like a Renoir and was dressed accordingly; Baoth, robust and athletic; Patrick, disturbingly delicate, and with a mercurial brilliance that made him seem "more Gerald than Gerald")—all contributed to an atmosphere that most people felt wonderfully privileged to share. "A party at the Murphys had its own rhythm, and there was never a jarring note," Gilbert Seldes recalls. "Both of them had a passion for entertaining and for other people."

The central fact in all this was the marriage itself, which often seemed the most entrancing of all the Murphys' creations. "The marriage was unshakable," says Dos Passos. "They complemented each other, backed each other up in a way that was absolutely remarkable." As with most good marriages, though, the Murphys' was in many respects a matching of opposites. Sara was frank, direct, even brusque at times; she said what she thought, and she didn't flirt. "Sara is incorruptible," Mrs. Winthrop Chanler once

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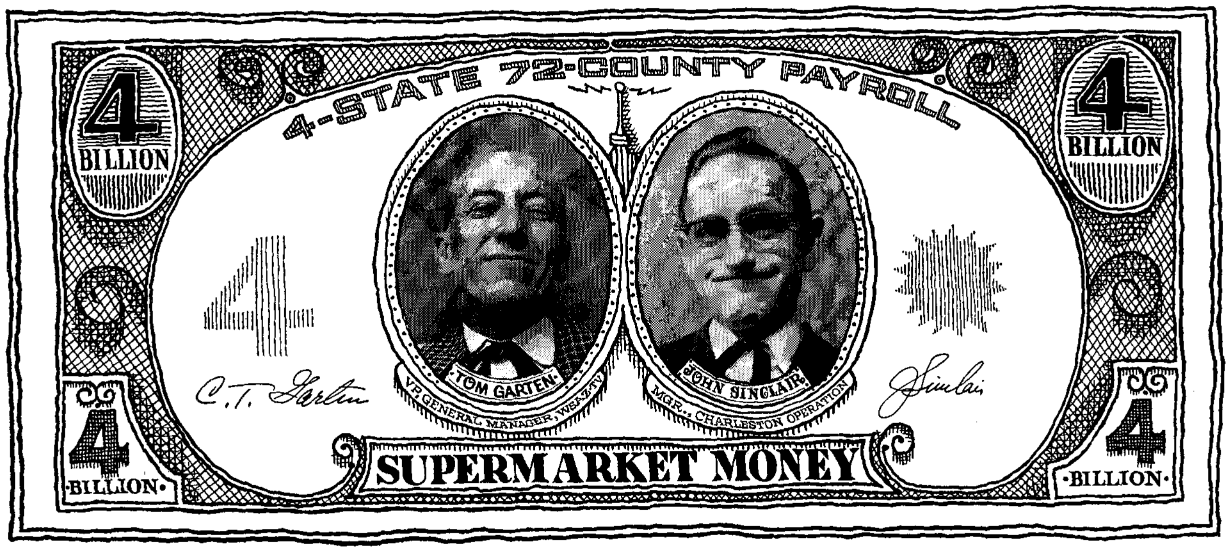

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TOM: Tom Garten once again, with gladsome news for advertisers and agencies alike, about the enormous purchasing power of Huntington, West Virginia—Pocketbook, Pouch and *Portemonnaie* of the entire 4-state 72-county *Supermarket* area served by WSAZ-TV!

JOHN: And John Sinclair, Jr., with a bit of news for Mr. Garten! If Charleston—*Mixer of the Nation's Chemicals*—is not the Spending Money Seat of *Supermarket*, then why do most reference sources refer to us as "Charleston-Huntington"? Our own very handsome *Supermarket* brochure (available on request, or through the Katz Agency) does so. Surely you remember our Retail Sales Growth Charts, Mr. Garten? The ones that show "Charleston-Huntington" up more than most markets of ½- to 2-million population—up 64% in total sales from 1950 to 1960, up 77% in food, and up a whopping 103% in drugs?

TOM: Mr. Sinclair, I am fully aware of those figures *and* the market designation! Charleston appears before Huntington for purely alphabetical reasons. Further, column widths would not accommodate a more accurate handle: "The Huntington Tri-State Complex-Charleston." I would remind you, sir, that Huntington is no *one* city. Rather, it runs in all directions—west to Affluent Ashland with its petroleum paychecks—north to Ironton and Portsmouth where highly skilled workers play merry tunes on time clocks while their children eat up a storm and their wives spend money as though it were going out of style!

JOHN: Are you suggesting, sir, that Charleston stands plop in the middle of some vast unpopulated waste? You reckon without the peoples and payrolls of Parkersburg, Marietta and Beckley! *All* of which lie within easy reach of our station's splendid signal . . .

TOM: Oh my! Time once again to declare this debate a draw, in the interest of our common selling effort.

JOHN: And to declare the *advertiser* winner! For it is he who, for a single price, can have both Charleston and Huntington. Indeed, *Supermarket* itself! *WSAZ-TV, Channel 3, an NBC Primary Affiliate, Division: The Goodwill Stations, Inc.*

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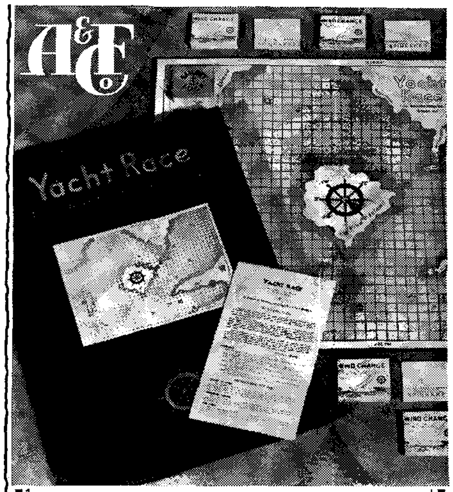
remarked in admiration. "I've never heard her say a silly or indifferent thing." And yet, with all her candor, Sara took her life and her friends largely, delighted in them, and was rarely provoked. Like her mother's old friend Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who often visited them at Antibes, she "didn't care much what people did, so long as they didn't do it out in the streets and frighten the horses." Gerald's style, one felt, was a more conscious creation. "Sara is in love with life and skeptical of people," Gerald once told Fitzgerald. "I'm the other way. I believe you have to do things to life to make it tolerable. I've always liked the old Spanish proverb: 'Living well is the best revenge.'" Gerald's Celtic good looks; his beautiful clothes, which would have seemed a trifle too elegant if *anyone* else had worn them; his perfectionist attention to subtle gradations of feeling—these sometimes acted as a barrier to intimacy, so much so that Fitzgerald once accused him of "keeping people away with charm." "Oh, Gerald could be preposterous in those days," one of their best friends recalls. "He'd become wildly enthusiastic about something like pacifism, and go around asking if you really *wanted* to kill people, and he loved to talk in aphorisms—'I think the best way to educate children is to keep them confused,' he would say, and then keep on saying it. Also, at times a chill would descend. He has always been the most Irish person I know, and when the black mood came over him, he was absolutely unreachable. But then he could be utterly captivating when he wanted to, which was most of the time. You had this feeling that he was doing all kinds of things for your pleasure, and always with the most exquisite taste."

It was, as MacLeish has pointed out, taste in the positive sense—not simply the opposite of bad taste—that the Murphys lived by. "Gerald could take something you hadn't even noticed and make you see how good it was," MacLeish says. "He knew all about Early American folk art, for example, long before the museums started collecting it, and he could tell you the towns along the New England coast where you could go and see marvellous old weather vanes or painted signs. He has always had this capacity for enriching your life with things he's found—like those old Negro spirituals, like his collection of rare recordings of the early Western songs, which Nicolas Nabokov used when he wrote the music for our 'Union Pacific' ballet. Gerald had no interest at all in poetry until I introduced him to Gerard



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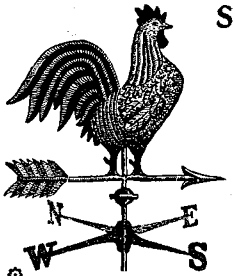

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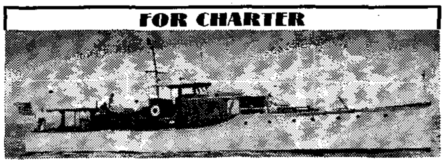

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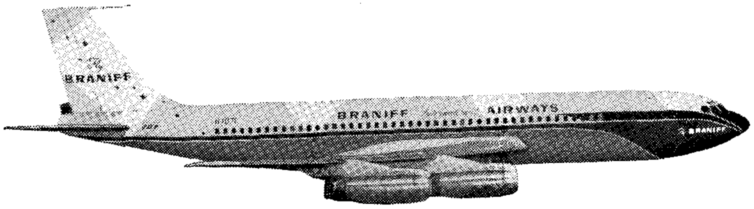
NO. 5 IN A SERIES: THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT AIR TRAVEL IN THE JET AGE



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First off, remember that a jet spends about ⅔rds of its time on the ground—being checked, analyzed, tested, looked into, cleaned, inspected, re-tested and checked again. (If you took care of yourself the way we take care of our jets, you'd be in excellent shape, indeed.) Maintenance, you'll find, is a big job — as important as flying.

To illustrate: last year a statistically-inclined gentleman in our Maintenance Department reported that 3,400,000 pages of technical information were turned out on the subject of Braniff equipment. (That's 14 Britannicas, 1962 Edition—or some 51 feet of shelf space.) 1,500,000 of those pages were by Braniff, on Repair and Maintenance alone — and don't think they weren't studied carefully. Be prepared for some paper work.

A little shopping list

Let's start with a hangar. You'll need one a little over 3 stories high — large enough for a 139-foot plane; power, cleaning and ground equipment; and a maintenance crew of 40*. If you have other planes to keep out of the rain, multiply accordingly. (When the planes are away, your maintenance crews can play regulation-field football, indoors. We have two such hangars at our 38-acre maintenance base in Dallas, and extensive maintenance facilities at our main jet stops in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis/St. Paul and Lima, Peru**. No football however, touch or otherwise.)

(Let us catch up with those asterisks. *The "40" refers to Maintenance Crew *only* — 12 cleaners, 25 mechanics, 1 foreman, and 2 inspectors who do nothing but inspect. **These are only some of our jet stops.)

Now you'll also need a few other things. For one 4-engine jet, you should have 6 engines ($350,000 each). For 2 planes, you'll need 12 engines, and so on. For all our aircraft, we maintain about 50% more engines than we need at any one time. They're rotated at fixed intervals — after a certain number of hours, not when someone hears a "ping."

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Just part of the story

The 50% we mentioned is what we call a "percentage of maintenance spares" and the principle holds for every important device on a plane—from radar, radios, gyroscopes, Instrument Landing (ILS) Equipment to seats and ash trays. At Braniff, we have enough spare "everythings" to run a couple of airlines.

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Two more for the road

Let us observe two things before we get to the bottom of the page. Though they may use different procedures, every certificated airline has ways to produce the same results. (They can't match our year-in, year-out on-time record, though.) Also, you should know that the modern jet is one of the most dependable pieces of machinery ever built — more so, probably, than your new car. (Please, all manufacturers of cars: forbear to write us.) And if you cared for your car the way we care for our jets, you'd have the engine rebuilt every 1,000 miles, not just greased and oiled.

And a word from our sponsor (us)

While we're up, we might as well tell you where you can fly Braniff jets. (In case you don't have the information by heart.) Non-stop between New York and Dallas; non-stop between Chicago and Dallas; between Minneapolis/St. Paul, Kansas City, Dallas, San Antonio and Mexico City (are you still with us?) between Denver, Dallas and Houston; and down around South America.

That was our commercial passage—designed to let you know that we don't do all this maintaining just for exercise. Next month, Part II: "Continuous Maintenance" and curious testing devices. Till then, fly Braniff. (Leave your jet at home so your maintenance crew can go over it.)

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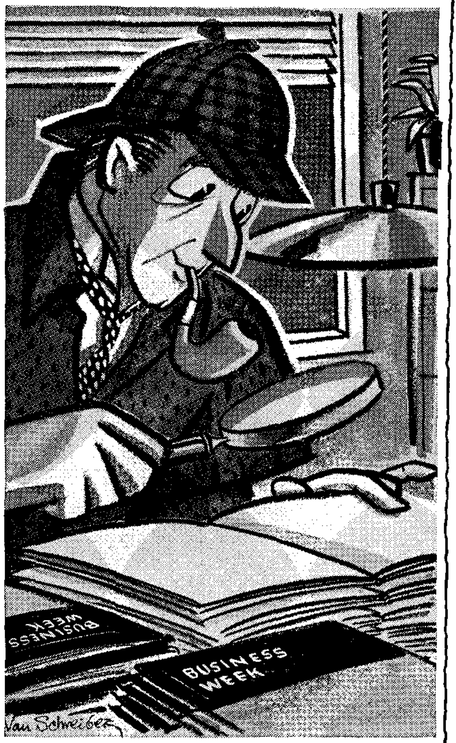
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Eagle eyes

Talk about careful readership. One of our favorite advertisers (non-golfing variety) ran an ad recently in BUSINESS WEEK showing a golfer and caddy. Ever since, *we've* been getting letters from eagle-eyed readers pointing out the golf boners in the photograph. One man writes: "... I detected a right-handed wood in the golf bag of the left-handed golfer." Another reports: "... his caddy is violating one of the prime rules of caddying by standing directly in line with the putter's aim." We've always known that BUSINESS WEEK is not merely read. It's *used.* From editorial to advertising pages, its contents are perused, reviewed, reacted to—week after week—by our management subscribers. They don't hesitate to show us, either.

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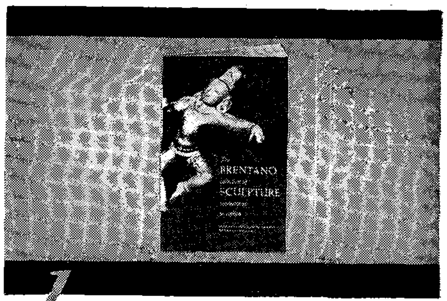
BUSINESS WEEK

Manley Hopkins, and that set him off; he used to pin a Hopkins poem to his shaving mirror every morning, and to this day he can recite a good many of them. In return, he gave me back Wordsworth, whom I had long abandoned and thought dreadfully dull. Just four lines he'd seen, and how they sprang out!"

The long, quiet days at Antibes centered on the beach, which Gerald gradually cleared of seaweed; on the garden; and on the little port, where the Murphys always kept a boat. They loved to cruise, and had a succession of boats, beginning with a small sloop, the Picaflor, progressing through a somewhat larger one, named after Honoria, and culminating in the hundred-foot schooner Weatherbird, which was designed and built by a member of the Diaghilev troupe, Vladimir Orloff, who had attached himself to the Murphy family in Paris and had come down to live in Antibes when they built the Villa America. Orloff, the son of a Russian nobleman who had managed the private bank account of the Czarina, had seen his father murdered by the Bolsheviks soon after the October Revolution; escaping from Russia, he had made his way to France, where, like so many of the young White Russian émigrés, he gravitated to Diaghilev. He worked for Diaghilev as a set designer, but his real métier, born of a childhood spent on his grandfather's yachts on the Black Sea, was naval architecture. He designed the Weatherbird along the lines of the American clipper ships, which he considered the most beautiful vessels ever launched. (The Weatherbird took its name from a Louis Armstrong record with that title, which the Murphys had sealed into its keel.)

Life at the Villa America was too varied, though, to allow for the establishment of any sort of daily routine. The Murphys usually had friends staying with them, in the *bastide* or at the Ferme des Orangers, a donkey stable that they had converted into a fully equipped housekeeping cottage in an orange grove across the road from the Villa America. (Robert Benchley, who spent a summer there with his wife and two sons, rechristened it "La Ferme Dérangée.") They also travelled continually, not only to Paris and back but all around Europe, often with another couple. During the summer of 1926, they went to the fiesta in Pamplona with Ernest Hemingway and his first wife, Hadley, and Hadley's friend Pauline Pfeiffer, who later became the second Mrs. Hemingway. "When you were with Ernest, and he suggested that you



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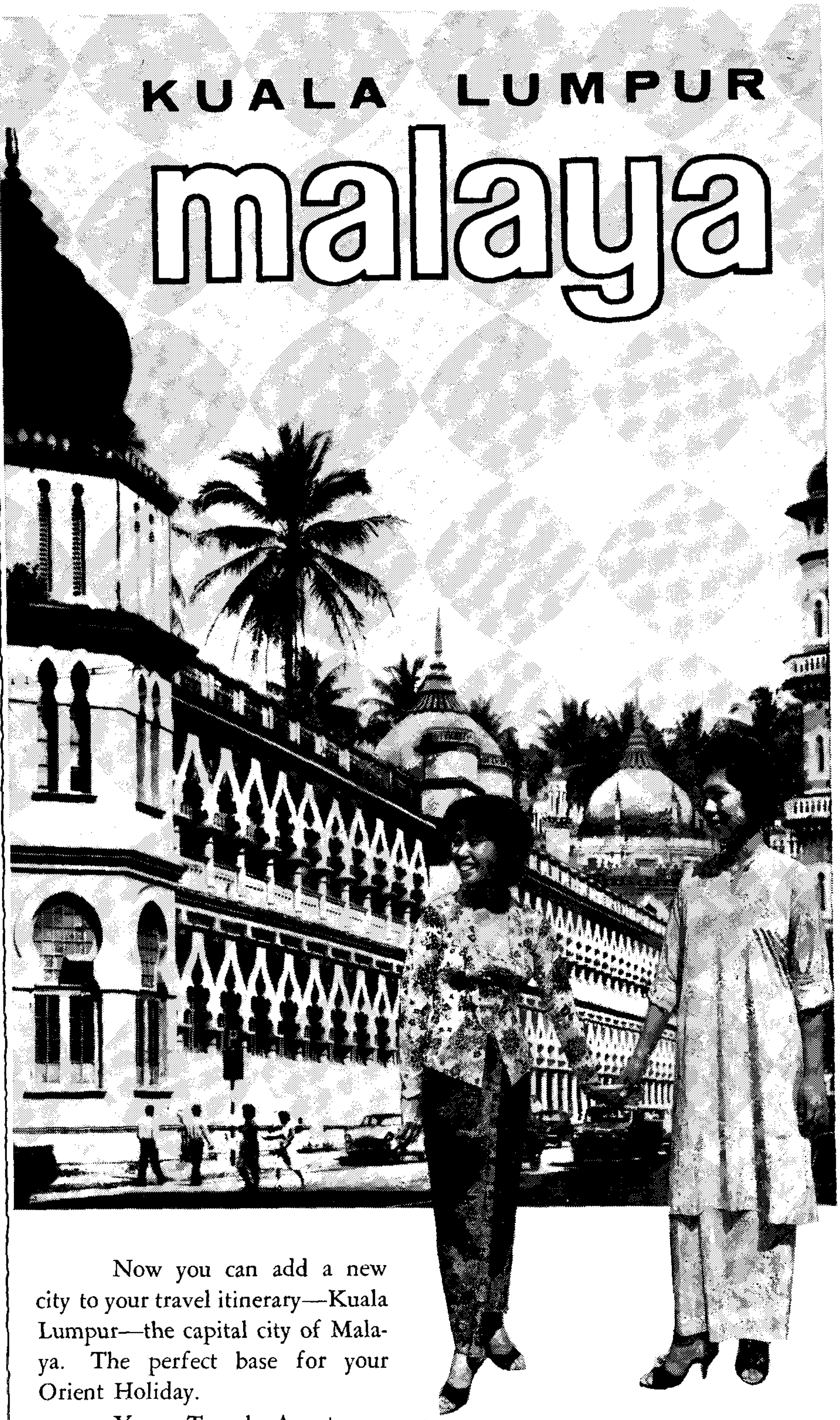
try something, you didn't refuse," Murphy recalls dryly. "He suggested that I test my nerve in the bull ring with the yearlings. I took along my raincoat and shook it about, and all of a sudden this animal—it was just a yearling and the horns were padded, but it looked about the size of a locomotive to me—came right for me, at top speed. Evidently, I was so terrified that I just stood there holding the coat in front of me. Ernest, who had been watching very carefully to see that I didn't get into any trouble, yelled 'Hold it to the side!' and miraculously, at the last moment, I moved the coat to my left and the bull veered toward it and went past. Ernest was delighted. He said I'd made a veronica." Hemingway adored Sara Murphy, but he seems to have had reservations about Gerald. He judged men according to his own rigorous standards of masculinity (his favorite comment then about someone he admired was "You'd like him—he's tough"), and Gerald, despite his performance in the bull ring, was perhaps not tough enough to suit Hemingway. At the same time, Gerald always felt a tacit competitiveness on Hemingway's part, which weighed on their relationship. More than once, when Murphy expressed an opinion with which Hemingway agreed, Hemingway turned on him and said, somewhat resentfully, "You Irish know things you've never earned the right to know." As a result of these undercurrents, Gerald was never as close to Hemingway as he was to Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald.

THE Fitzgeralds and the Murphys had seen a great deal of one another in Paris in the winter of 1925-26, during which Sara and Gerald had assumed, more or less unwittingly, the role of friendly guardians. A decade older than the Fitzgeralds, they looked upon their baroque exploits with a mixture of tolerant amusement and genuine concern, and the Fitzgeralds, for their part, often went out of their way to try to shock the Murphys. "Scott couldn't bear to be ignored," Murphy says. "If he felt that Sara was not paying enough attention to him, he would try to irritate her, or even revolt her—like the time she was riding in a taxi with Scott and Zelda and Teddy Chanler, the composer, and Scott suddenly pulled out some filthy old hundred-franc notes and began stuffing them into his mouth and *chewing* them." Even in the early days, it was an odd friendship. The two couples had almost nothing in common ex-



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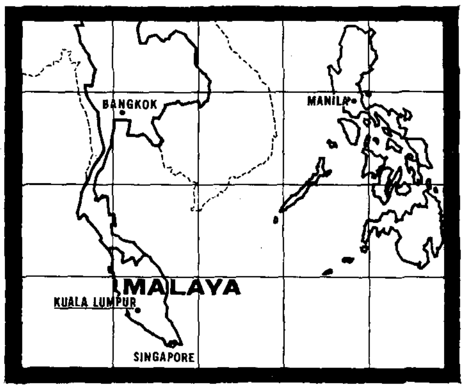

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cept their great affection for each other. Neither Scott nor Zelda seemed to have the slightest interest in the art, the music, the ballet, or even the literature of the period; Scott knew the American writers in Paris, and spent a large part of his time that winter getting Hemingway recognized, but he met few Europeans, and he never learned to speak more than a few words of French, which he made not the slightest effort to pronounce correctly. The simpler aspects of the Murphys' life at Antibes—their cultivation of the life of the senses—never appealed to Fitzgerald at all. He scarcely noticed what he was eating or drinking. He stayed out of the sun as much as possible, and his skin never lost its dead-white pallor. When the others on the beach went in swimming, Scott would get up, take a flat running dive into the shallow water, and come right out again. He never showed any curiosity about Murphy's painting, and appeared to consider it a mere diversion. Gerald, for his part, was not particularly impressed with Fitzgerald as a writer. He had not cared much for "The Great Gatsby" (Sara had), and neither of them read the Fitzgerald stories that were appearing (infrequently just then) in the *Saturday Evening Post.* "The one we took seriously was Ernest, not Scott," Murphy says. "I suppose it was because Ernest's work seemed contemporary and new, and Scott's didn't."

None of this seems to have interfered with their spontaneous liking for each other, however. "We four communicate by our presence rather than by any other means," Murphy wrote to the Fitzgeralds in 1925. "Currents race between us regardless: Scott will uncover for me values in Sara, just as Sara has known them in Zelda through her affection for Scott." Looking back on the friendship today, both the Murphys tend to stress their feeling for Zelda. "I don't think we could have taken Scott alone," Gerald has said. Sara, particularly, liked this striking girl. "She hardly ever said anything that wasn't personal," she recalls. "She used to do such odd things, even back in the early days. We were sitting at a table in the Casino at Juan-les-Pins one day, just the two of us, and a man came over to be introduced. Zelda smiled her beautiful smile and sweetly murmured a taunt of her Alabama school days, 'I hope you die in the marble ring,'—but not quite loud enough to be heard by the man, who thought she was making the usual pleasantry. And the strange thing was that no matter what she did—even the

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wildest, most terrifying things—she always managed to maintain her dignity. She was a good woman, and I've never thought she was bad for Scott, as other people have said." The Murphys' feeling for Zelda sometimes bothered Scott, who would demand to know whether they "liked Zelda better than me."

In February, 1926, the Fitzgeralds rented a villa in Juan-les-Pins and stayed on the Riviera through the following October. The summer, which began very gaily, ended by putting a severe strain on the Fitzgerald-Murphy friendship. The Riviera was no longer the quiet summer retreat it had been in 1923. It had begun to fill up with Americans, for one thing; some were old friends—the Charles Bracketts with their two children, Alexander Woollcott, the MacLeishes, the Philip Barrys (Barry later used the Murphys' terrace as the setting for his play "Hotel Universe")—but a good many more were not. The Hôtel du Cap was filled to capacity, and the little Garoupe beach now had a row of bathhouses for its clientele. The Murphys' role in this rapidly changing scene was difficult to define. Their life centered on their children and their beautiful garden, and they never participated in the sort of high jinks that the Fitzgeralds were forever cooking up, such as kidnapping waiters and threatening to saw them in half. Even so, the Murphys, with their children and their house guests, their amusing talk, and their midmorning ritual of dry sherry and sweet biscuits, were generally the focus of the day's activities on the beach that Gerald had reclaimed. Fitzgerald's attitude toward the Murphys, and especially toward Gerald, had by this time become somewhat ambivalent. His affection for Sara was close to being an infatuation; he would sit gazing at her across the dinner table for long periods, and say, "Sara, look at me." (Zelda, whose jealousies were notable, was never jealous of Sara, though.) For Gerald, he sometimes evinced an absolute and uncritical admiration. "Scott used to ask Gerald for advice on literary matters," says MacLeish. "He seemed to feel that Gerald's superb taste must apply to everything." At the same time, Fitzgerald often appeared to be under a compulsion to ridicule Murphy's elegant style. "I suppose you have some special plan for us today," he would jeer upon meeting Murphy at the beach. Once, on the terrace at the Villa America, Murphy held up a hand and said portentously, "I hear a pulsing motor at the door." "God, how that sort of remark dates you!" snapped Fitzgerald,

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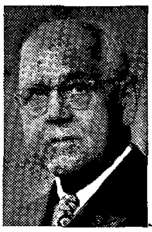

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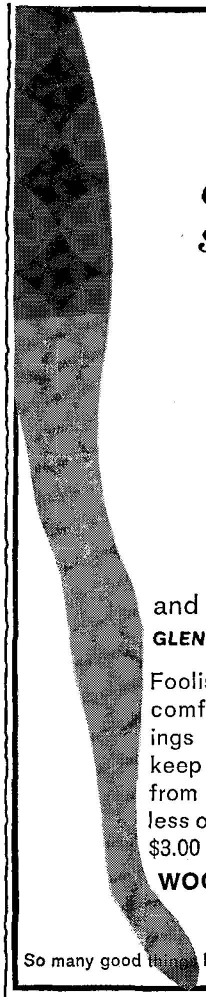
Fitzgerald's ambivalence toward the Murphys was possibly related to his feeling that they were wealthier than in fact they were. The complex of illusions and emotions in which Fitzgerald always enveloped the rich is well known, and once, in a letter to Edmund Wilson, he coupled the Murphys with Tommy Hitchcock as his only "rich friends;" he seems to have had no understanding of the gulf that lay between the Hitchcocks' scale of living and the Murphys'. He often asked Murphy, in his naïve way, what their annual income was, and when Murphy would try to explain that they did not live entirely on income—that they simply spent what they wanted to spend, and constantly reduced their capital to do so—Fitzgerald would merely look blank. Scott and Zelda lived poorly on a great deal of money; the Murphys lived extremely well on considerably less. They had no rich friends, and took pains to avoid the sort of wealthy society people who had started coming down to Cannes and Nice. But their money was inherited and they had more of it than most of the people around them, and since they *did* live extremely well, Fitzgerald's affection for them was tainted with some of the animosity and awe that he inevitably felt for the very rich. When he was drinking heavily, as he did more and more that summer, this hostility took concrete form. He was scornful of the idea of a caviar-and-champagne party that the Murphys gave one evening at the Casino in Juan-les-Pins, and he set out quite deliberately to wreck it. "He made all sorts of derogatory remarks about the caviar-and-champagne notion to begin with, evidently because he thought it the height of affectation," Murphy recalls. "We were all sitting at a big table on the terrace—the MacLeishes and the Hemingways and a few others—and when a beautiful young girl with a much older man sat down at the next table, Scott turned his chair all the way around to stare at them, and stayed that way until the girl became so irritated that the headwaiter was summoned. They moved to another table. Then Scott took to lobbing ashtrays over to a table on the other side of us. He would toss one and then double up with laughter; he really had the most appalling sense of humor, sophomoric and—well, trashy. The headwaiter was summoned again. It was getting so unpleasant that I couldn't take it any more, so I got up and left the party. And Scott was furious with me for doing so."



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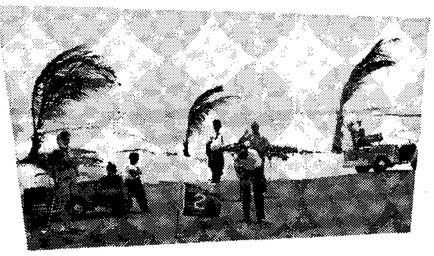

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Not long afterward, the Murphys gave a party at the Villa America that could have been, and probably was, the model for the Divers' famous dinner party in "Tender Is the Night." Fitzgerald again seemed to be under some compulsion to spoil the evening, which he later re-created with such sensitivity in his novel. He started things off inauspiciously by walking up to one of the guests, a young writer, and asking him in a loud, jocular tone whether he was a homosexual. The man quietly said "Yes," and Fitzgerald retreated in temporary embarrassment. When dessert came, Fitzgerald picked a fig from a bowl of pineapple sherbet and threw it at the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay, a house guest of the Murphys' friend and neighbor, the Princesse de Poix. It hit her between the shoulder blades; she stiffened for a moment and then went on talking as though nothing had happened. At this point, MacLeish took Fitzgerald aside, suggested that he behave himself, and received for his pains, without warning, a roundhouse right to the jaw. Then Fitzgerald, apparently still feeling that not enough attention was being paid him, began throwing Sara's gold-flecked Venetian wineglasses over the garden wall. He had smashed three of them this way before Gerald stopped him. As the party was breaking up, Gerald went up to Scott (among the last to leave) and told him that he would not be welcome in their house for three weeks—a term of banishment that was observed to the day.

Such incidents were bad enough, but the Murphys were even more disturbed by the Fitzgeralds' accelerating process of self-destruction. Scott's work was practically at a standstill. Although he talked about the new novel he was writing (the book that became, after eight years and countless revisions, "Tender Is the Night"), he hardly ever seemed to be working. (Fitzgerald produced no short stories at all from February of 1926 until June, 1927.) He was often depressed and uneasy about his talent, and his drinking had become a serious problem. Most of the Fitzgeralds' spectacular escapades that summer, which have been enshrined in the Fitzgerald canon by his biographers, were blatantly self-destructive: Zelda plunging down a flight of stone steps because Scott had gone to make obeisance to Isadora Duncan, at the next table; Scott and Zelda returning from dinner with the Murphys at a restaurant in Saint-Paul-de-Vence, driving their little car onto a trolley-car trestle, and falling sound asleep there until early the next morning, when a farmer saw them and

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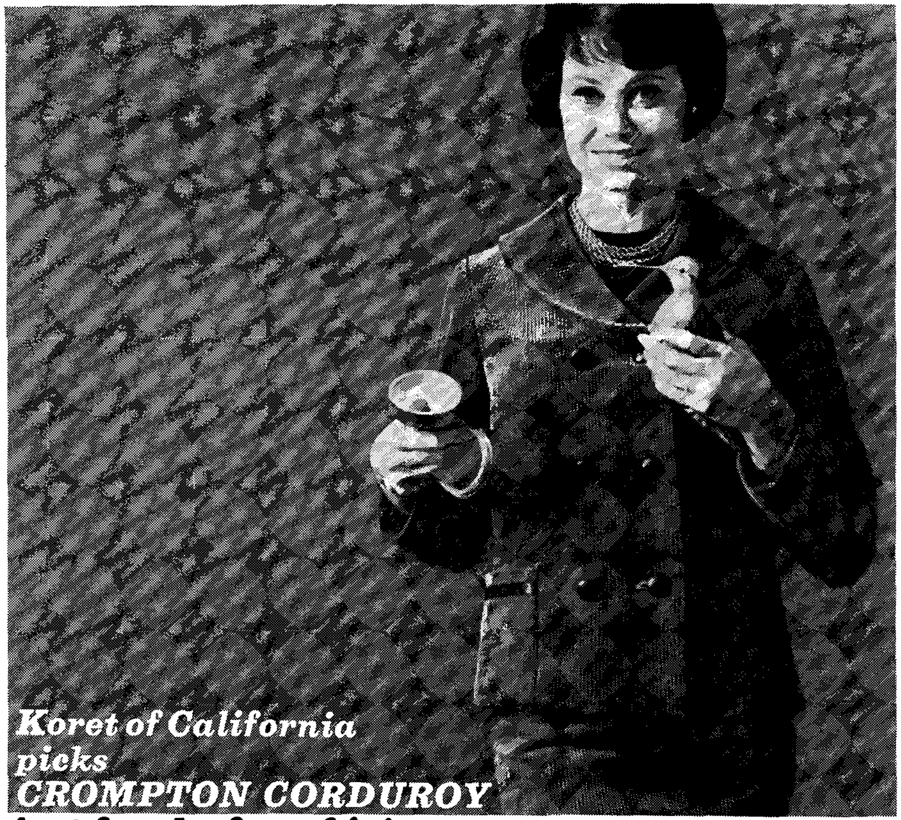

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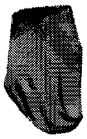

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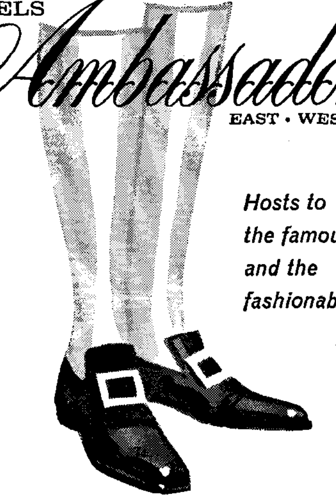

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pulled their car to safety a minute or two before the trolley was due; Zelda throwing herself under the wheels of their car after a party and urging Scott to drive over her, and Scott starting to do so. Their behavior alienated a good many people that summer, but the Murphys stuck by them and worried deeply about them both. "What we loved about Scott," Gerald says, "was the region in him where his gift came from, and which was never completely buried. There were moments when he wasn't harassed or trying to shock you, moments when he'd be gentle and quiet, and he'd tell you his real thoughts about people, and lose himself in defining what he felt about them. Those were the moments when you saw the beauty of his mind and nature, and they compelled you to love and value him."

The Fitzgeralds went home to America in December, and the Murphys had what Sara, in a letter to Scott and Zelda, described as a "grand quiet spring" following "a dash through Central Europe with the MacLeishes." ("But we never went to Russia as planned," she added, "as by the time we got visas the theatres had closed and the snow started to melt, not to mention the opening of the season for executions.") The summer of 1927 was relatively quiet, too, without the Fitzgeralds to contend with, and Murphy was painting steadily. The Fitzgeralds had settled outside Wilmington after a brief, riotous sojourn in Hollywood, and the news from and about them was far from reassuring. When they decided to come over to Europe for the summer of 1928, though, the Murphys were delighted. "It will be great to see you both again, because we are very fond of you both," Murphy wrote. "The fact that we don't get on always has nothing to do with it."

Nobody got on with Scott and Zelda that summer. Scott's drinking was worse than ever. Zelda's sudden decision, at the age of twenty-eight, to become a professional ballet dancer led to constant friction between them, although Scott outwardly supported her efforts and got Murphy to arrange for her to take lessons with Egarova, who had been a dancer with the Diaghilev company. For the Murphy children, though, the summer was a lovely one. Its highlight was an overnight trip on the sloop Honoria to a cove beyond Saint-Tropez, where Vladimir Orloff, digging in the sand to pitch a tent, "discovered" an ancient map with detailed instructions, in archaic French, that led them to a series of further clues, and finally, with almost unbearably mounting excite-

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ment, to the unearthing of a chest containing key-winder watches, compasses, spyglasses, and (for Honoria) a quantity of glittering antique and imitation jewels. Honoria has said that it was not until years later that any of the children suspected the authenticity of the find.

On a visit to the United States in the late fall of 1928, the Murphy family went across the country by train, stopping off at a ranch in Montana to join the Hemingways, and then going on to Hollywood, where Murphy served as consultant to King Vidor on the filming of the all-Negro film "Hallelujah;" Fitzgerald had told Vidor about Murphy's collection of old Negro songs and spirituals, and Vidor wanted to use them in the film. It was not a completely successful venture; Hollywood was then in the midst of the transition from silent pictures to talkies—"Hallelujah" itself changed to sound in mid-production—and the confusion was total. But the summer of 1929, back at the Villa America, was one of the happiest the Murphys had spent, full of gaiety and good friends. Honoria Murphy, then twelve, remembers looking down at the terrace from her bedroom window, seeing the flowers and the lovely food and the ladies in their beaded dresses, and thinking "how it all blended in, and how you just wanted it to last forever." The Fitzgeralds were back again, too, like ghosts at the banquet. Torn and hounded by their personal furies, they would have been difficult company under any circumstances, but now another severe strain had been put on their relationship with the Murphys. Scott had decided to use Sara and Gerald as the central characters in his novel, and he was "studying" them openly. His methods were anything but subtle. "He questioned us constantly in a really intrusive and irritating way," Murphy says. "He kept asking things like what our income was, and how I had got into Skull and Bones, and whether Sara and I had lived together before we were married. I just couldn't take seriously the idea that he was really going to write about us—somehow I couldn't believe that anything would come of questions like that. But I certainly recall his peering at me with a sort of thin-lipped, supercilious scrutiny, as though he were trying to decide what made me tick. His questions irritated Sara a good deal. Usually, she would give him some ridiculous answer just to shut him up, but eventually the whole business became intolerable. In the middle of a dinner party one night, Sara had all she could take. 'Scott,' she said, 'you think if you just ask enough questions you'll get to

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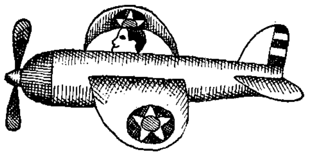
know what people are like, but you won't. You don't really know anything at all about people.' Scott practically turned green. He got up from the table and pointed his finger at her and said that nobody had ever dared say *that* to him, whereupon Sara asked if he would like her to repeat it, and she did."

Sara had felt for a long time that Scott was too wrapped up in himself to understand even those closest to him, and she was not alone in this opinion; Hemingway warned him in a letter that he had stopped listening to other people, with the result that he heard only the answers to his own questions. Sara put her own irritation succinctly in a note to Scott soon after the incident at the dinner table. "You can't expect anyone to like or stand a continual feeling of analysis, & subanalysis & criticism—on the whole unfriendly—such as we have felt for quite a while," she wrote. "It is definitely in the air—& quite unpleasant. . . . If you don't know what people are like it's *your* loss. . . . But *you ought to know at your age* that you *can't have Theories about friends*. If you can't take friends largely, & without suspicion—then they are not friends at all." A subsequent note from Sara was even more explicit: "We have no doubt of the loyalty of your affections (and we *hope* you haven't of ours) but consideration for other people's feelings, opinions, or even time is *completely* left out of your make-up. . . . You don't even know what Zelda or Scottie are like—in spite of your love for them. It seemed to us the other night (Gerald too) that all you thought and felt about them was in terms of *yourself*. . . . I feel obliged in honesty of a friend to write you: that the ability to know what another person feels in a given situation will make—or ruin—lives. Your infuriating but devoted and rather wise old friend, Sara."

Fitzgerald never replied, but some years later, in a long letter, he tried to tell Sara a little of what her friendship meant to him:

> In my theory, utterly opposite to Ernest's, about fiction, i.e. that it takes half a dozen people to make a synthesis strong enough to create a fiction character—in that theory, or rather in despite of it, I used you again and again in *Tender:*
>
> "Her face was hard & lovely & pitiful"
>
> and again
>
> "He had been heavy, belly-frightened with love of her for years"
>
> —in those and in a hundred other places I tried to evoke not *you* but the effect that you produce on men—the echoes and reverberations—a poor return for what you have given by your living presence, but



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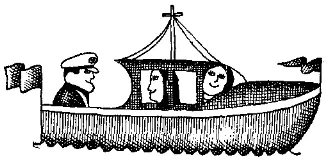

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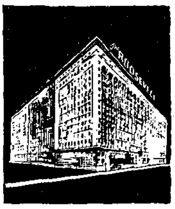

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nevertheless an artist's (what a word!) sincere attempt to preserve a true fragment rather than a "portrait" by Mr. Sargent.... I know that you and Gerald are one & it is hard to separate one of you from the other, in such a matter for example as the love and encouragement you chose to give to people who were full of life, rather than to others, equally interesting and less exigent, who were frozen into rigid names. I don't praise you for *this*—it was the little more, the little immeasurable portion of a millimeter, the thing at the absolute top, that makes the difference between a World's Champion and an also-ran, the little glance when you were sitting with Archie on the sofa that you threw at me and said:

"And—Scott!"

taking me in too, and with a heart so milked of compassion by your dearest ones that no person in the world but you would have that little more to spare.

SARA's warning was prophetic, although she did not suspect at the time how very close to ruin the Fitzgeralds' lives had veered. Scott and Zelda left Antibes in October to spend the winter in Paris, where Zelda sank deeper and deeper into the schizophrenia that culminated, the following April, in her mental breakdown. Whether or not Scott understood Zelda's tragedy, he saw pretty clearly what was happening to him, and, with his writer's honesty, he faced up to it squarely in his portrait of Dick Diver. Dick's long "process of deterioration" has its origins, like Fitzgerald's, in a fatal weakness of character; wanting to be good, to be kind, to be brave and wise, Diver "had wanted, even more than that, to be loved." Fitzgerald's own deterioration has the elements of a classic morality play, which may be one reason for the popular appeal of the Fitzgerald saga; the fact that Fitzgerald recognized his self-indulgence and yet never quite gave up the effort to be a first-rate writer gives the story its tragic dignity.

It would be hard to believe that Fitzgerald ever considered Gerald Murphy to be self-indulgent in this sense, or that he attributed the catastrophe that overtook the Murphys in 1929 to anything but a gratuitous slap of fate. Perhaps the strange irony of circumstances and of coincidence helped convince him that he and Zelda and Gerald and Sara were somehow identified—were indeed "the same people"—but there was nothing in the events themselves to justify this notion. In October, 1929, soon after the Fitzgeralds left for Paris, the Murphys' youngest child, Patrick, then nine, developed a persistent fever, which was first diagnosed as bronchitis and then found to be tuberculosis. While Sara and the others remained behind to close the house, Gerald took Patrick to a

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sanatorium at Montana-Vermala, in the Swiss Alps. This village was the family's home for the next eighteen months. The Murphys did everything they could to keep their own and Patrick's spirits up during the long ordeal. They rented a chalet on a mountain near the hospital, and furnished it with all their customary skill. Friends came to visit—Hemingway, Dos Passos, Dorothy Parker (for six months), Donald Ogden Stewart and his wife—and Fitzgerald came up frequently from Prangins, near Geneva, where Zelda had been placed in a sanatorium. Determined not to succumb to the gloomy atmosphere in the village, nearly all of whose inhabitants were tuberculosis sufferers in one stage or another, Gerald and Sara bought an abandoned little bar and dance hall there, did it over completely in American style, and engaged a five-piece band from Munich to come up and play dance music on Friday and Saturday nights. The Murphys' refusal to go under was profoundly moving to their friends. "The memory of a night with the gay Murphys of Paris and Antibes in that rarefied cold silence and atmosphere of death is one of the most terrifying of my life," Stewart said recently. "But I am prouder of them for that fight for Patrick than for anything else in their lives. The point is, they were not only the most alive, the most charming, the most understanding people—they were, when the roof of their dream house crashed into their beautiful living room, the bravest."

After a year and a half in Switzerland, Patrick was thought to be cured, and the Murphys returned to the Villa America. They spent two more years there, and these were in a sense a coda to the decade that had ended so jarringly for so many people in 1929. Many of their friends had gone home to America. Murphy no longer painted; he had stopped abruptly when Patrick first became ill, and he never took it up again. (His own explanation is that he realized by then that "I was not going to be first rate, and I couldn't stand second-rate painting." His total production—eight paintings—was exhibited in a one-man show by the Bernheim Jeune gallery in Paris in 1936, and in 1960 five of the pictures were sent on a tour of American museums in a show assembled by the Dallas Museum for Contemporary Arts, which now has three of them in its permanent collection.) The Murphys spent a great part of their time cruising the Mediterranean on their new schooner, the Weatherbird. But the world was changing, and the Riviera had lost its innocence. Putting into a tiny Italian

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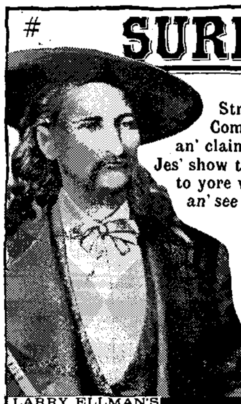
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harbor one day, they were surrounded by a group of swimmers shouting "*Mare nostrum!*" and when they went ashore they found pictures of Mussolini plastered on every wall. At Antibes, the Hôtel du Cap was now the Grand Hôtel du Cap, and its expensive new Eden-Roc swimming club functioned from mid-June to mid-August as an adjunct of the American film colony. "At the most gorgeous paradise for swimmers on the Mediterranean," Fitzgerald wrote, "no one swam any more, save for a short hangover dip at noon. . . . The Americans were content to discuss each other in the bar." Then in 1933, Patrick's symptoms suddenly recurred in a new and grave form, and the Murphys decided it was time to go home. They sold the Weatherbird (to a Swiss, who was arrested after the war for using it to smuggle gold from Turkey into France), closed the Villa America against their eventual return, and sailed for New York. They have never been back.

By the time "Tender Is the Night" came out, in 1934, the era, the places, and the emotions that the book evoked seemed fairly remote to the Murphys. Dick Diver seemed to have very little to do with Gerald, and if Fitzgerald had drawn a great many details, conversations, and incidents from life, he had somehow managed to leave out most of the elements of the Murphys' experience in Europe that mattered to them—the excitement of the modern movement in Paris, the good friends, the sheer sensuous joy of living at Cap d'Antibes. And yet, a year later, when Baoth, the Murphys' older son, died of spinal meningitis that developed with shocking suddenness from a case of measles he caught at school, Gerald could write to Scott from the depths of his grief, "I know now that what you said in 'Tender Is the Night' is true. Only the invented part of our life—the unreal part—has had any scheme, any beauty. Life itself has stepped in now and blundered, scarred and destroyed. . . . How ugly and blasting it can be, and how idly ruthless." Then, in January, 1937, the long fight to save Patrick's life ended in a hospital at Saranac Lake.

One of the things that kept Murphy going during these years was the necessity of coping with a family economic crisis. The Mark Cross company, from which he had escaped so happily years before, had gone precipitously downhill since the death of Patrick Francis Murphy, in 1931, and was now about a million dollars in debt and under pressure to declare itself bankrupt. Murphy was obliged to assume responsibility for the

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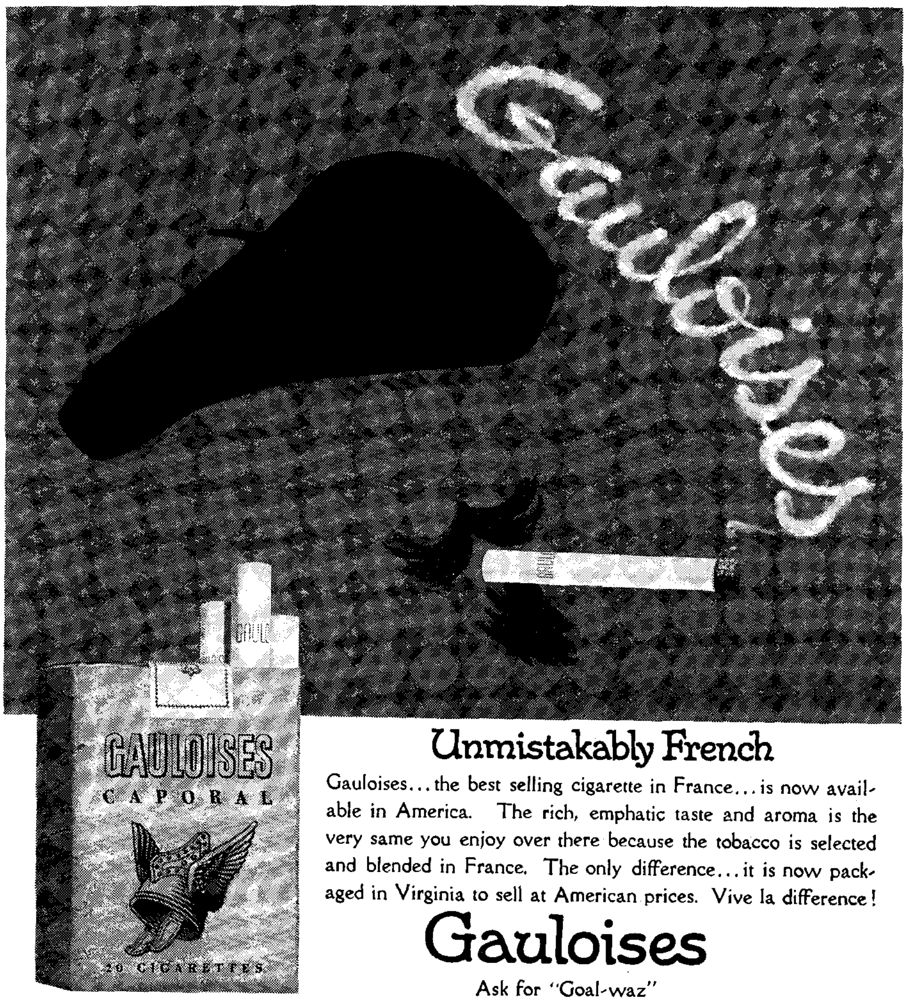

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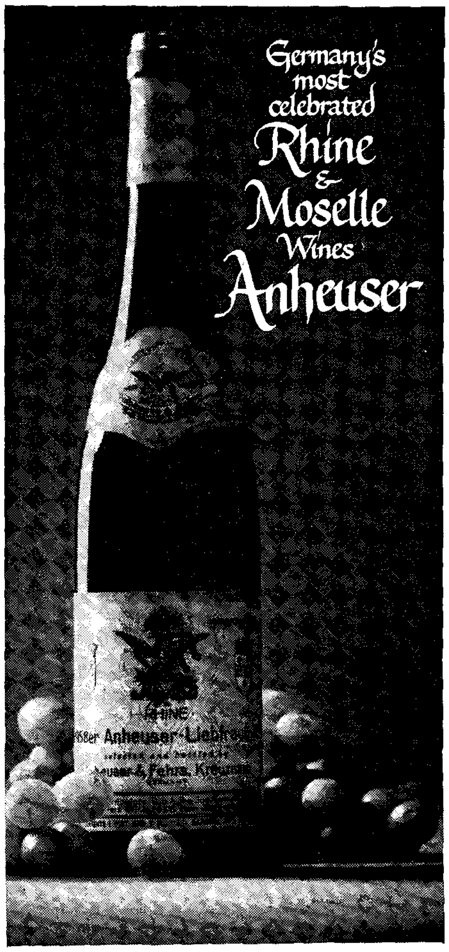

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firm. Taking over the management, he retained full control for the next twenty-two years, during which he cleared the debts, moved the store to its present Fifth Avenue address, and applied his imagination and taste to a variety of new items, which proved extremely profitable. But the work, he says, was never congenial and often seemed like sleepwalking. "The ship foundered, was refloated, set sail again, but not on the same course, nor for the same port," he once wrote.

In the years since they left Europe, the Murphys have continued to live simply and—in accordance with Gerald's Spanish proverb—very well, following closely the new movements in art, music, and literature. Curiously, having never particularly cared to own paintings or hang them in their houses, they never bought any of the work of the modern masters who were their friends. In a summer cottage they have at East Hampton, though, there is one magnificent Léger, which they acquired by what Murphy still feels to be a small miracle. Léger made his first trip to the United States in 1931 as the Murphys' guest (he was seasick the whole trip), and they were instrumental in getting him introduced to the right people at the Museum of Modern Art, which gave him a big one-man show in 1935. At the vernissage of that exhibition, Léger came up to Gerald and Sara and said that there was one picture in the show he wanted them to have, and that he would present it to them as a gift if they could pick it out. There were more than two hundred canvases on view, and Gerald quickly despaired of fixing on the right one. But as he and Sara descended a flight of stairs she pointed to a picture on the wall at the foot of the stairway and said, "I think I see it." The colors, mostly muted browns and reds, were unlike anything they had ever known him to use before. While they were looking at it, Léger came up behind them and said, "I see you've found it." He turned the painting around and showed them, written on the frame, "*Pour Sara et Gérald.*"

WHATEVER their feelings toward "Tender Is the Night," the Murphys never wavered in their loyalty to Fitzgerald. They stood by him through the vicissitudes of his last years, and lent him money to help send Scottie through Vassar. (When Fitzgerald paid it back in full, Murphy wrote him, characteristically, "I wish we could feel we'd done you a service instead of making you feel some kind of torment. Please dismiss the *thought.*") Fitzgerald was deeply grateful. In 1940, he wrote

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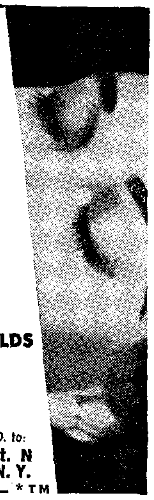

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from Hollywood, "There was many a day when the fact that you and Sara did help me . . . seemed the only pleasant human thing that had happened in a world where I felt prematurely passed by and forgotten." They attended his funeral a few months later.

This past winter, Murphy went to see the film of "Tender Is the Night." He went alone (Sara flatly refused to go) one Friday afternoon to a theatre in Nyack, near the small Hudson River community where he and Sara now live, and when he sat down he realized that there was no one else in the vast, darkened auditorium but an elderly charwoman sweeping the back rows. "It was an extraordinary sensation," he says, "and oddly appropriate somehow to the unreality of the film, which disregards everything except the battle of the sexes, and dismisses the lure of the era with a nostalgic ridiculing of the Charleston. It was so far from any sort of relationship to us, or the period, or poor Scott, that I couldn't feel any emotion at all except a vague sympathy for Jennifer Jones trying so hard to play the eighteen-year-old Nicole. I came out of the movie house and found that it had started to snow, so I went and had the chains put on the car. And then for some reason, driving home, I had a really vivid recollection of Scott on that day, years and years ago, when I gave him back the advance copy of his book and told him how good I thought certain parts of it were—not mentioning Sara's feelings—and Scott took the book and said, with that funny, faraway look in his eye, 'Yes, it has magic. It has magic.' "

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

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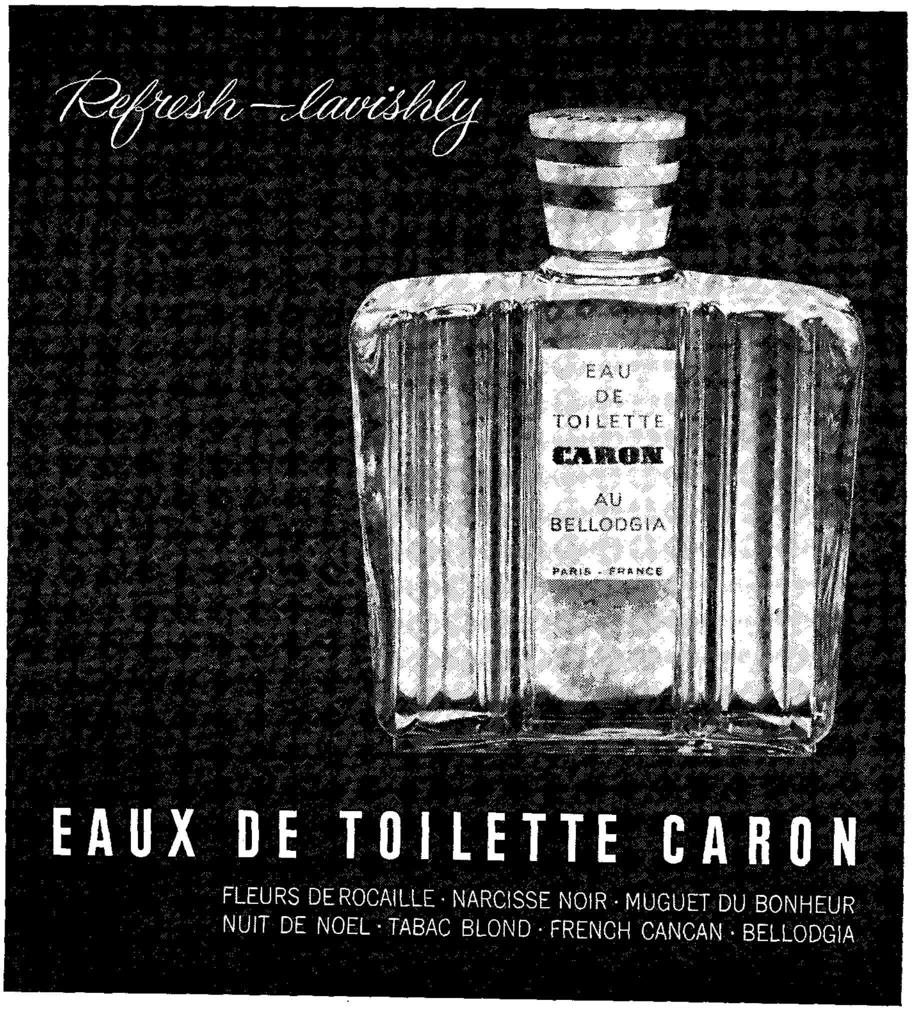

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Yes, Yes, Yes

"MONEY, MONEY, MONEY," a brisk and very amusing French comedy, has Jean Gabin in a part that is really worth playing. He is in splendid form as a master counterfeiter who is persuaded, by the promise of a sizable cut of the take, to leave the South American country where he lives in lotus-eating retirement and return to Paris to take charge of a big counterfeiting operation being planned by a trio of crooks, all of them new to this particular line of work and each of them a model of simple-minded avarice and treachery. The persuader, one of the trio, is a former brothel-keeper, a chubby, blinking soul, who is not doing very well as a loan shark. His bordello, having been closed for all practical purposes by the police, becomes the rather dazzling headquarters for planning the manufacture and disposal of two million dollars' worth of fake Dutch guldens. The picture, which, in its sly, mocking way, is as instructive as a documentary, moves at a pace that never lets down—along boulevards and side streets all over town, from printing shops in dingy alleys to an excursion boat on the Seine (where Gabin meets the man who will distribute the banknotes) to a private hospital room (where he hides out on the day the notes are printed). He plays with subtle, deadpan authority, quietly making the necessary arrangements, at first registering offhand contempt for his inept colleagues and then suddenly becoming alert when he recognizes real talent and temperament in the young engraver who has been brought in to do the job. In an extremely effective episode, the two men, each appreciating the worth of the other, seriously discuss life and art at a party, while the foolish crooks and their foolish women babble and drink champagne. My favorite scene, though, is one in which Gabin calls on Françoise Rosay, in the role of a sweet-faced, hard-eyed old lady whose artificial-flower shop is a front for her real business of selling special paper to forgers. The two former cronies sit at a table, sentimentally sipping wine, as she gives him the news—obituary, mostly—of their companions in crime; then they click off the nostalgia and get down to more pressing matters. Well, so it

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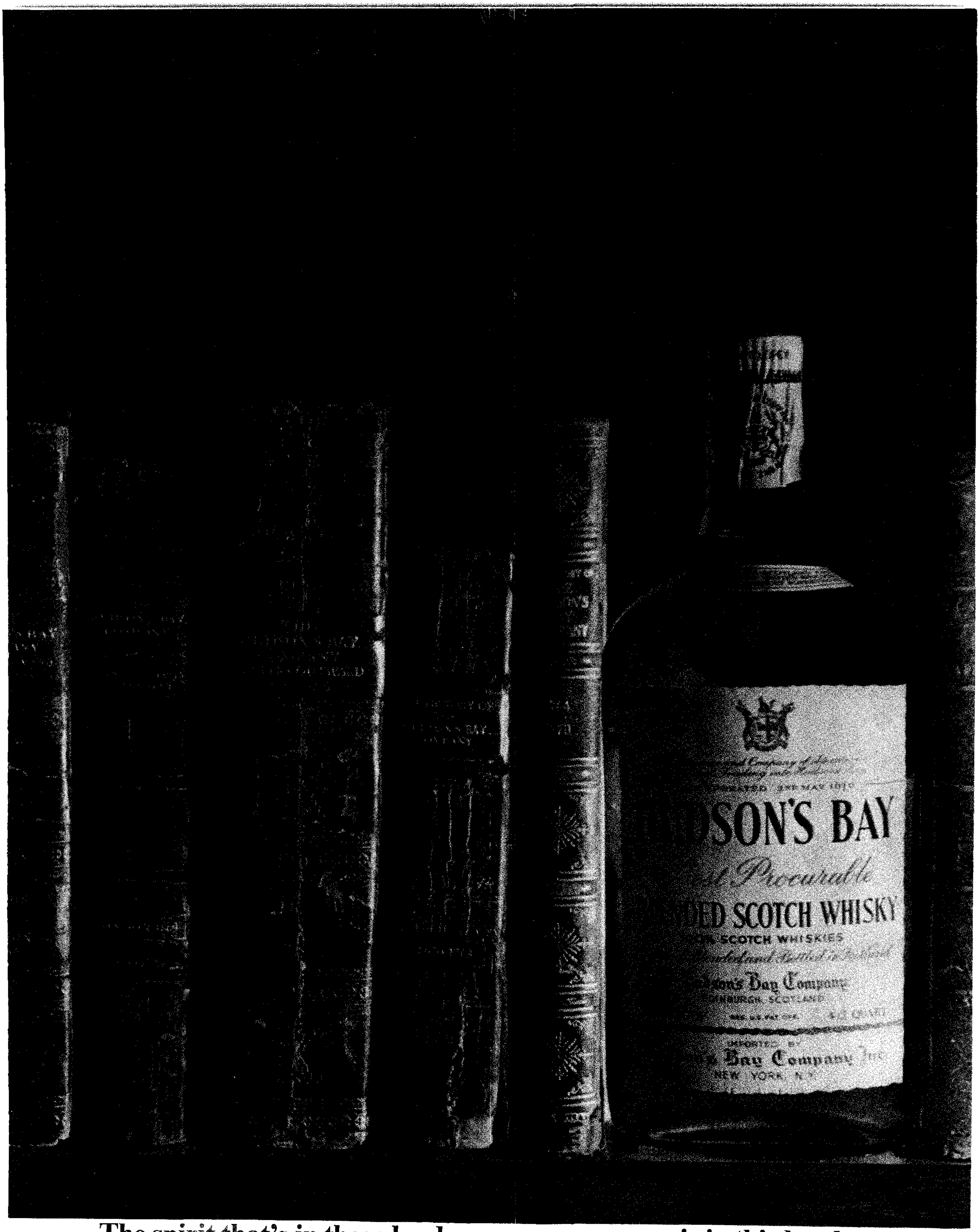

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a talking soda?"

"Let's get together,
Wolfschmidt."

"I'll bet you
say that to all
the vodkas."

"Only you,
Wolfschmidt.
You've
got taste."

"Can you
squeeze me
in?"

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goes—scene after scene, actor after actor. The characters, major and minor, are shrewdly drawn, and all the performances are good. Bernard Blier, as the ex-brothel-keeper; Ginette Leclerc, as his acid, disenchanted wife; Maurice Biroud, as the gifted engraver; and Martine Carol, as *his* decorative, faithless wife, are especially good.

"STRANGERS IN THE CITY" is an amateurish melodrama, awash in crocodile tears, that insults both its subject and its audience. It is about a poor Puerto Rican family that is beset by a series of catastrophes, ranging from a mouse on the loose to seduction, manslaughter, and suicide, in and out of their awful apartment in East Harlem. Rick Carrier wrote, directed, photographed, and produced the picture, and if he has left out one cliché of background, plot, or character, I cannot think what it might be. Robert Gentile, as the young son of the family, and Robert Corso, as a juvenile gang leader, indicate now and then that they might do interesting work another time. —EDITH OLIVER

•

ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF JULY

On the twenty-fifth of July
there was no mail, not
even a bill, leaving my
being high and dry on
a screened porch, pen between
my lips to write a sister
I never had, compiling
condolences for a man
who is not yet dead, but
who ambles by, stick in hand,
slashing at Japanese beetles,
his glasses hanging mad.

There is no need to write
the letter, to fulfill
the wish, to amplify
any yearning, there is no
need to reach up and pull
the air flight back that
did not take me off; yet
at the rear of my house,
the hound, rooting deep
to bury a bone, finds
a message I sent to
the beetles of Japan.

—DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

•

Morton H. Fetterolf, Jr., Philadelphia Cricket Club member and a State representative, received the pros' top honor for outstanding contribution to golf. He was cosponsor of a bill which has become law lowering the age minimum for caddies from 14 to 12.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

One of the immortals.

(*Advertisement*)

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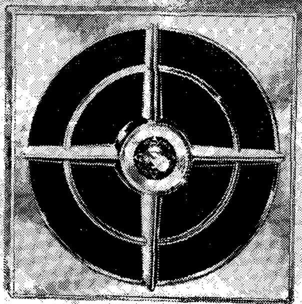

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WHERE TO CATCH A WAHOO

FOR an Englishman who has labored for years under the "Come to Britain" literature put out by our travel associations, whose knees have buckled annually beneath the load of hollyhocks, horn dances, guardsmen, tall Welsh hats, Lads a Bunchum, Cornish pasties, double Gloucester cheeses, and smocked decrepitude seen in posters of old hamlets called St. Just-in-Roseland or Huish Episcopi, it is natural to take an interest in America's belated attempts to make the holiday traffic a little less markedly one-way. That is why I have been looking so intently at a picture, measuring sixteen inches by ten, of the "1270-mile Columbia River in Oregon," which forms the top half of a full-page advertisement inserted in the London *Times* by the U.S. Travel Service. Not quite the whole mileage is shown, I think, but the vistas are as illimitable as anyone not in orbit can reasonably expect, and a man in the right kind of hat is riding a horse in the foreground. "You can fish for trout and salmon here," the legend tells me. "All you need is a license that costs 7/2."

What kind of image of itself does the United States project to lure us over? Bigness, yes. Size is implicit in the picture, for every thinking Englishman is aware that, to accommodate itself in these islands, a twelve-hundred-and-seventy-mile river would have to rise in the extreme north of Scotland and flow south—by way of Gretna Green, Manchester (birthplace of De Quincey), Bampton, and Wookey Hole (don't miss the museum)—to Land's End, in Cornwall (King Arthur, pixies, saffron cake), and thence sweep back to its starting point through the rich folklore deposits of East Anglia and the unforgettable local color of the Brontë country. No salmon would ever run up such a geographical absurdity. But bigness is not, when one turns from illustration to text, the prevailing note of this appeal. What the United States has to offer, in exchange for our British quaintness, is unquestionably the bizarre.

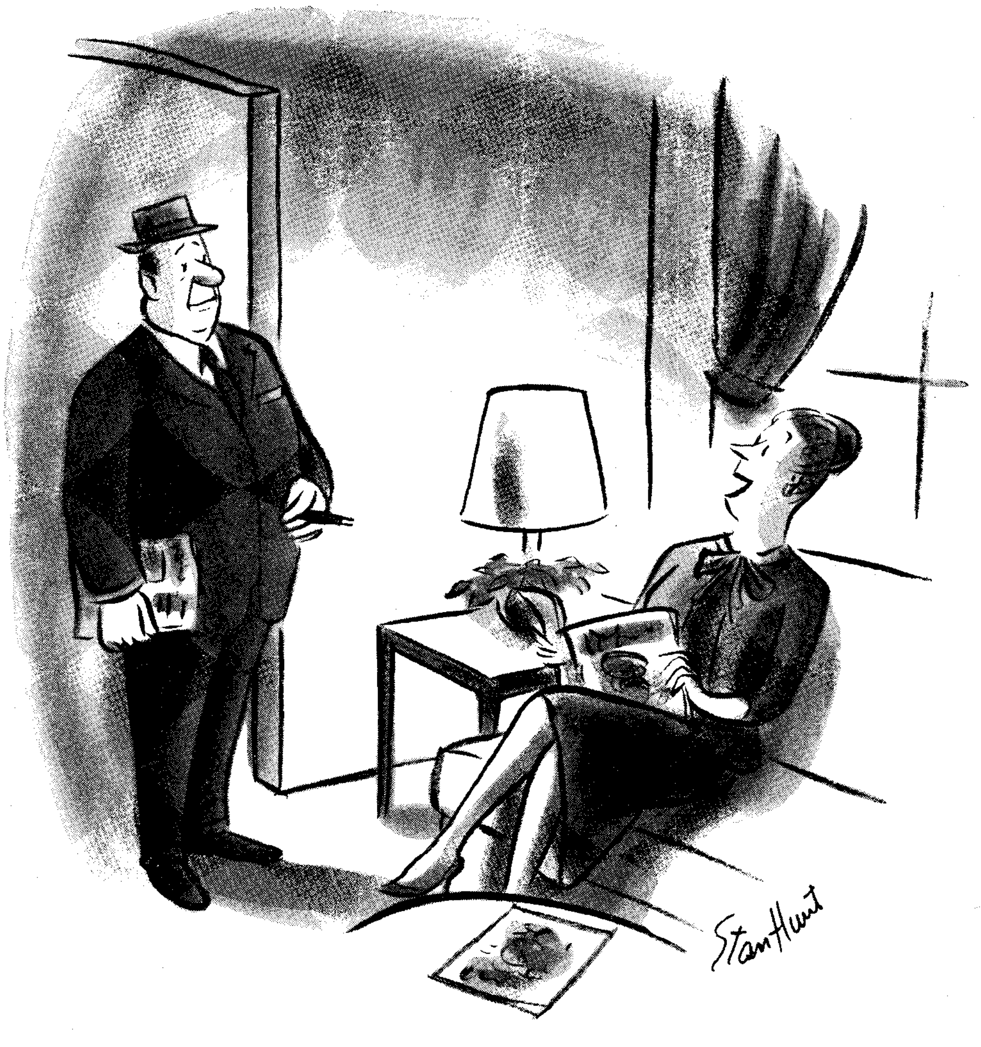
Four subheadings in bold type back up the opening appeal to the British to "have more fun than a barrel of monkeys—and dine out on the experience for the rest of your life" and crystallize, if I may so put it, the essence of the down-to-earth informative text below the picture of the Columbia River. They read:

LIVING GLACIERS, RAZOR CLAMS,
CUT-THROAT TROUT
WHERE TO CATCH A WAHOO
OX-PULLS AND QUILTING BEES
HACIENDAS, SALTBOXES—
AND SKYSCRAPERS

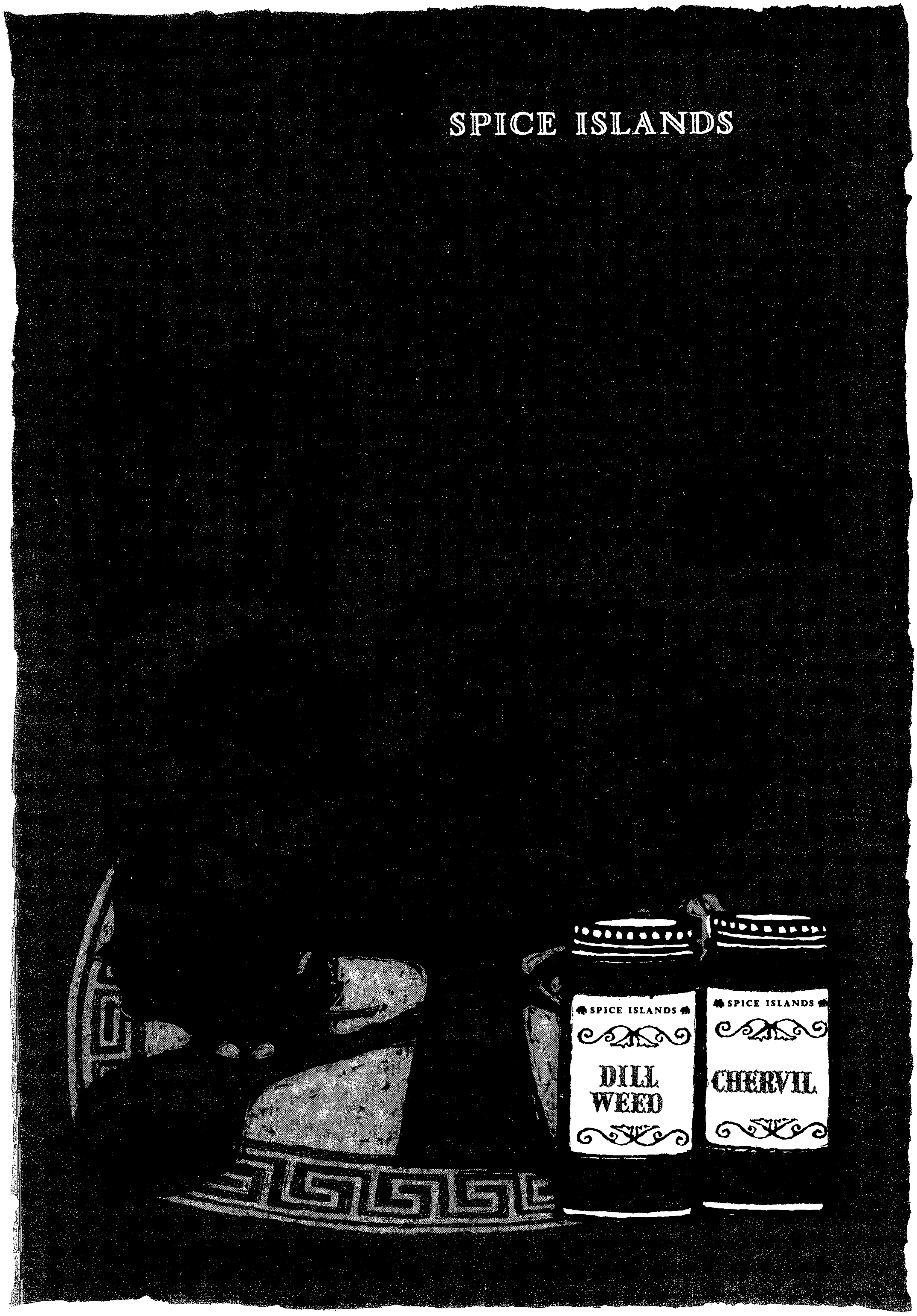
in that order.

These are not casual subheadings of the kind ("Box of pills," "Fell for it," "Scissors alleged . . .") slipped in to break up the text by copy editors, who then cut out the passage referred to. They are given supporting evidence. "Walk over *living* glaciers that are still on the move," the advertisement begs. "Watch an ox-pull," it cries. The open sea off Florida's endless beaches "teems"—there it is in black-and-white—"with . . . wahoo." You get the conviction inevitably, as you read on, that here is a country where the improbable is *true*, that the warm adjuration to "watch swarms of sea lions sunning themselves on Pacific rocks. Photograph bald eagles on the wing" is no empty promise, as insubstantial as a Welsh bonnet against a background of rambler roses, but a plain statement of the realities of the American scene.

This is exactly the America we British want—a thoroughly un-British place. We have no living glaciers here. There are some on the Continent, across the wahooless Channel, but even those, as Mark Twain found, move intolerably slowly. Our own are so dead that nothing remains but the bare bones, odd scatterings of detritus here and there too defunct even to be mentioned in our travel literature. Our bald eagles, if we have any, are on the perch. The coppery-barked gumbo limbo tree, which I note will surprise me in the Everglades, together with strangler figs, black mangroves forty feet high, and roseate spoonbills, finds no footing in these hollyhock-ridden islands. Wherever one looks in this spacious advertisement, the eye rests upon some delicious *bizarrerie* that takes the stuffing right out of Huish Episcopi. My itinerary will include Dagger Flats and Lost Horse Plateau. Among the towns I shall see are Big Bone Lick, Buzzards Bay, Ohoopee, and Muleshoe. I shall eat hush puppies and hominy grits and popovers and alligator pears. I am invited to dig clams for an outdoor clambake, to attend a barn-raising, to swim beside giant turtles, to "photograph the huge barns of the Amish in Pennsylvania . . . the manor houses of Dutch patroons," to



"Well, dear, how did all your electronic brains work today?"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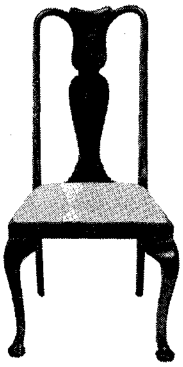

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new and unusual

Christmas Cards

A new group of the famous Metropolitan Museum of Art cards. Paintings from the Italian primitives to Cézanne and Seurat, medieval ivories and miniatures in precious colors, Byzantine enamels on gold, Renaissance angels, tapestries and embroideries in colored silks, Greek vase paintings, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Dürer, and Gauguin, and a festive variety of designs from Egypt, India, China, and Japan. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, under the direct supervision of the Museum, cost from 5 to 95 cents each. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 28
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N9

*Name*________________
*Address*________________

try a hero sandwich, and go maple-sugaring.

Afterward, I shall dine out on the experience. For the rest of my life. Not *ad nauseam*, naturally. I am not such a fool as to go on and on about gumbo limbo trees until the company grows restless and begins to inquire whether I didn't see any pseudo-events while I was over there. The art of the thing is to hold back, to throw out a sentence and leave it dangling, to stir up an Oliver Twist complex in the audience.

"I always think the popovers in Ohoopee take a lot of beating. . . ."

"We met an interesting old character in Passamaquoddy, at a box-salting, actually. . . ."

"Did I ever show you my snap of a bald patroon? They swarm on the Hudson, you know, during the ox-pull season. . . ."

"Oh, if you're thinking of going to the States, don't fail to watch the Amish raising their huge haciendas. Pennsylvania teems with them."

IT seems a pity, looking through the U.S. Travel Service's long list of delights, that the information comes, for me, too late. In three visits to the States, I have managed to miss the lot. Nobody asked me to a quilting bee. I never swam beside turtles or pulled an ox or ate apple pandowdy. The bears in the Great Smoky Mountains were asleep, and so were the glaciers in the Rockies. No one told me a fishing license on the Columbia River was only 7/2, or I'd gladly have raised the fare to Oregon and back. I saw no coppery-barked spoonbills forty feet high. I did see an awful lot of Americans, but they were shorter. One evening in New York, feeling perhaps subconsciously aware of a lack of that note of quaintness, of the bizarre, that alone makes foreign travel worthwhile, I asked my host if we could do something really American—of the country, rich in the ethos of the place. "I want to make Ohoopee with the natives," I said—or would have said, if I had had the information in time. It was midnight, and he took me to some place on Broadway where we sat surrounded—indeed, beleaguered—by huge hills of nuts curiously wrought and twisted, and ate waffles stuffed with blueberries, enriched with bacon, and with maple syrup over all. It was un-English, all right. It made a change from eating crumpets at 4 P.M. in an Olde Tea Roome in Chipping Sodbury with brass warming pans at your elbow. But it was not an experience you could dine out on for the rest of your life. —H. F. ELLIS

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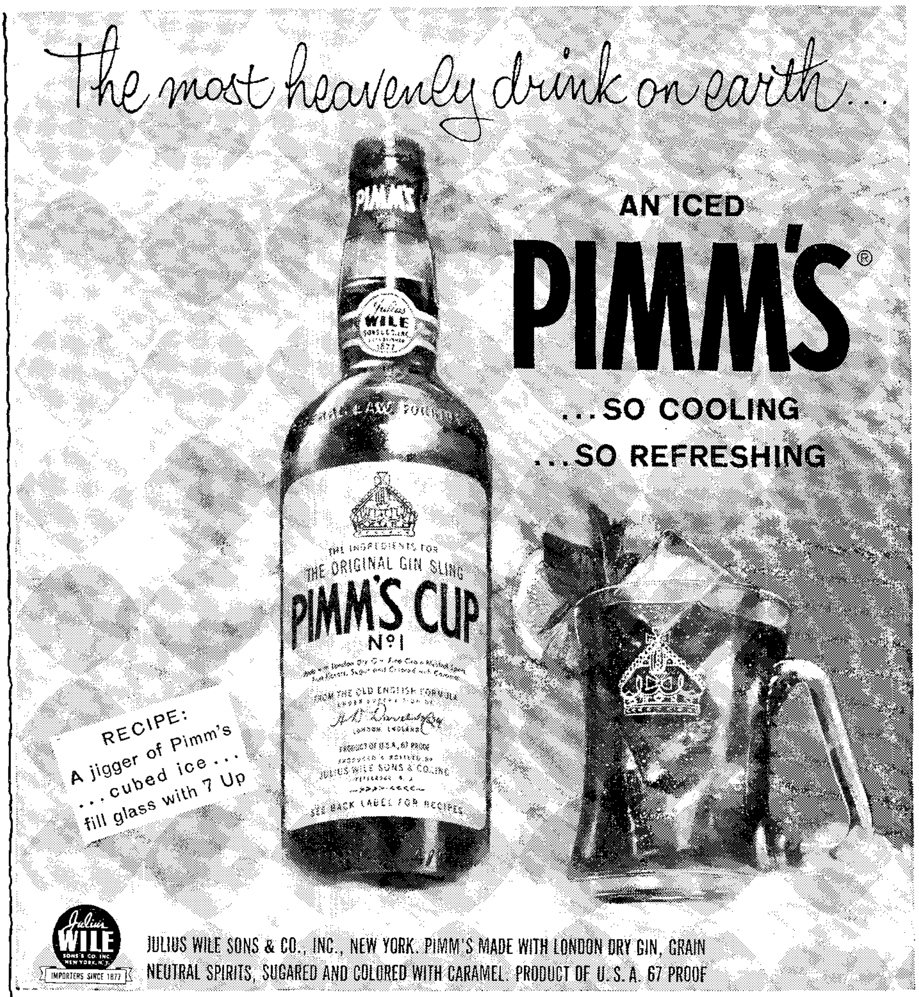
THE RACE TRACK

Bingo!

ONCE again, Beau Purple and his rider, Boland, have demonstrated their skill in utterly muddling their opposition, this time by leading from beginning to end of the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday, just as they had in the Suburban on the Fourth of July. More than three lengths behind, Garwol nosed out Polylad for second place, and Carry Back was fourth, followed by Tutankhamen, Bal Musette, Hitting Away, and Ambiopoise, none of whom seemed any threat to the winner. Incidentally, the mile and a quarter was run in two minutes flat, which is three-fifths of a second faster than the track mark set in the Suburban. One gathered from the paddock gossip before the Brooklyn that the race wouldn't be run the same way as the Suburban, which had a slow early pace, or the same way as the Monmouth Handicap of the previous Saturday, which started off at a lively clip. (Carry Back won it, with Beau Purple third.) Indeed, Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains Hitting Away, said beforehand that his colt, a fast one, would not set the pace, as he usually does. So, with everybody waiting for someone else to take the initiative, a moderate gait was enough to put Beau Purple in the lead. He did the first quarter in 0:23⅘ and the second in 0:23⅖, but tore through the third in 0:22⅘ and then did the fourth in 0:24⅖ and the last one in 0:25⅗. I'd say that Beau Purple won the Brooklyn in that third quarter. Old-timers will remember, I am sure, how the horses saddled by Jimmy Rowe, who worked for James R. Keene and H. P. Whitney, and who in my book was the greatest American trainer, would put in a very fast quarter at some stage of a race, which would usually do the trick. Maybe Allen Jerkens, who turns Beau Purple out so beautifully for Hobeau Farm, is making use of the same tactic. Anyhow, he's had more winners during the meeting than any other trainer at Aqueduct. By the way, Beau Purple may skip Saratoga and rest up for the autumn meetings.

Many racegoers thought Carry Back's impost of 127 pounds beat him. It seemed to me that he was lighter in flesh and more wrought up than he was at Monmouth, and besides, he had a



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rough trip in the Brooklyn, being crowded at the first turn and being carried wide coming into the stretch. And, to cap it all, a bandage on one of his legs came loose, and that must have upset him.

TO offset my enthusiasm for the Brooklyn, the racing at the Big A last week was just one gallop at six furlongs after another, and pretty dull. An exception was the Astoria Stakes, which Affectionately won, as expected. Mr. Fitz saddled three of the Wheatley Stable's two-year-old fillies for the Astoria—No Resisting, who beat Affectionately in the Colleen at Monmouth last month, and King's Story and Bold Princess—and they finished second, third, and fourth, in the order named. Affectionately will be out for the Sorority Stakes at Monmouth this weekend, and I'll be surprised if she doesn't win. . . . For some time, I'd been hearing about Ahoy, a two-year-old son of Sailor, and how he'd been overwhelming his fields in Maryland and Jersey, but I'd never seen him until he appeared for the Great American the other afternoon. He won, all right, but he had to go all out to beat Near Man, who is hardly a champion.

AS you probably know, Cicada, the Meadow Stable star, didn't run for the Monmouth Oaks in Jersey last Saturday, and, with her out of the race, the plum went to Barry Ryan's Firm Policy, who beat Royal Patrice, Fortunate Isle, and six other three-year-old fillies. The reason Cicada was idle was that at almost the last moment her stable decided to wait for this weekend's rich Delaware Handicap. In that one, she'll be meeting Bramalea, who will have Primonetta as a running mate, and Rose O'Neill, Linita, and Mighty Fair, who were the first three in the New Castle Stakes at Delaware Park last Saturday. Curiously, horses coming from the West Coast, as the California ace Linita did for the New Castle, seldom win the first time out in the East. She just couldn't catch Rose O'Neill.

THEY do things on the grand scale at Hollywood Park. When twenty-two entries turned up for last Saturday's Juvenile Championship, it was run off in two divisions, with a purse of $102,100 for each. The result also was one for the record books, both sections going to the same owner, J. Kel Houssels, a Las Vegas hotel man, whose Y Flash won the first one, at 8–1, and whose Noti won the second, at 7–1. How lucky can you get?—AUDAX MINOR

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FAVOURITE, by Françoise Mallet-Joris, translated from the French by Herma Briffault (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Françoise Mallet-Joris is a writer of extraordinary talent who here makes her first expedition into the realm of the historical novelist, but because she is an original, and because she is incapable of writing carelessly, her historical novel is not at all ordinary. Discussing the decision of Louise de La Fayette, aged twenty and a favorite of Louis XIII, to become a nun, Mme. Mallet-Joris makes no attempt to find a final explanation of Louise's hard decision, but the reader is left in no doubt about the truth of the girl's suffering as she struggles to find her feet among the intrigues that surround her at court, and at the end there is no doubt about the futility of both the intrigues and the suffering. Louise is a young girl who is caught up ahead of her time in an adult world that is both pitiless and desperate, and she succumbs too easily to her ready-made fate, not because it is inevitable but because it is harsh enough to satisfy her egotistical desire to enjoy the sensation of total loss, and also because it is harsh enough to convince her that she, too, is now an adult, capable of coming to a decision and then sticking to it. Mme. Mallet-Joris has portrayed this girl under different names and in different manifestations in her earlier novels, but she has never needed the distance of centuries to lend perspective to her work, and she does not need that distance now. What the distance of years does for this book is to make it quiet. It is a quiet, faintly colored book that must be watched closely for signs of the storms that rage just below eye level. The translation is beyond reproach.

MEETING AT THE LAST JUDGMENT, by Petru Dumitriu, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Pantheon). M. Dumitriu's feverish account of life in present-day Rumania is relieved and made human by the occasional domestic interludes he describes, but his novel is generally disjointed, as though the narrator, hard-pressed for time, were jotting down random notes on his most impressive or frightening memories. Once a fairly important Communist official, he tells of the years he spent in Party favor, of his crime against the state, of his fear and disgrace, and, finally, of his escape from Rumania with his wife but without their child.

GENERAL

MEN AND DECISIONS, by Lewis L. Strauss (Doubleday). A good book of memoirs. Mr. Strauss began his public career by working as Herbert Hoover's secretary during the First World War. (He lived on the money he had saved up to go to college, so that, like his boss, he could serve without pay.) He ended it as a nominee for the post of Secretary of Commerce in President Eisenhower's Cabinet—and was the ninth Cabinet nominee in American history to be refused confirmation by the Senate. Strauss' self-portrait suggests the reason for this anticlimax: he resembles his idols, Herbert Hoover and Robert A. Taft, men of ability and integrity but with little power to convey their charm. But Strauss' writing has charm—a V.I.P. charm, cautious and a little stiff, but charm nonetheless. It's in part the glamour of big doings, like talking finance with Ivar Kreuger and running the Atomic Energy Commission, and in part Strauss' incurable busyness—his penchant for getting mixed up in something and trying to make it work better. Most of all, though, he offers the charm of history-as-I-saw-it—in sum, a fest of high-level gossip.

THE NEGRO REVOLT, by Louis E. Lomax (Harper). A Negro newspaperman describes the state of mind of American Negroes today. He concentrates on the mood of the young people who are committed to direct action (sit-ins, Freedom Rides, boycotts, picketing) to win civic equality—not only because this mood is new but because he thinks it is dominant. However, knowing that opinion is a spectrum, he also explains some less typical attitudes. He discusses, for example, the older generation of Southern Negro leaders, who are willing to work a little while longer to equalize separate facilities, and the

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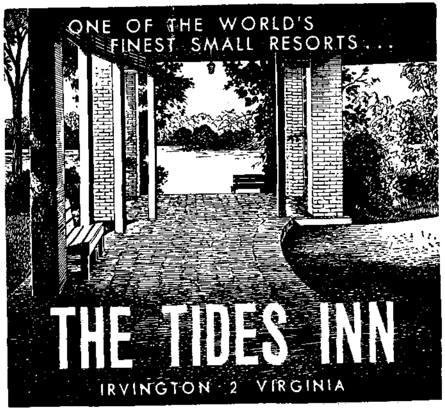

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Black Muslims, who are out-and-out racists. In the course of his research, Mr. Lomax found most American Negroes certain that, some way or other, they will get full freedom; he himself has high hopes for the long-range effects of the current campaign to register Southern Negroes as voters. Mr. Lomax's book is optimistic but not comfortable—its frankness is often justifiably bitter. It is an illuminating, urgent statement.

OF TIME, WORK AND LEISURE, by Sebastian de Grazia (Twentieth Century Fund). The results of the Twentieth Century Fund's Leisure Study, written by one of its two research directors and with a foreword by the other, August Heckscher. The source material consists of statistical surveys, which are faithfully given as appendixes, but the conclusions, as they are filtered through the cultivated and humanistic mind of Professor de Grazia, take a strange and wonderful form. His book is actually a plea for withdrawal, untidiness, Cockaigne, the leisurely life in the good society, and a warning against such entrenched foes as advertising, time-mindedness, the Protestant work ethic, and tyranny. A remarkable document, halfway between sociology and Athenian philosophy.

ROCKING THE BOAT, by Gore Vidal (Little, Brown). A lively collection of magazine essays by the novelist and playwright, expressing his opinions about politics and literature. Does Mr. Vidal often wander from the announced subject and talk about himself? Yes. Does he often proclaim himself a shocking rebel when he hasn't faced up to the sad truth that no matter how hard you try, you can't shock all of the people all of the time? Is he, in fact, rocking the boat no harder than one rocks a cradle? Yes, and again yes. Yet he writes with such disarming directness, brightness, and appeal that it's impossible not to enjoy what he says.

•

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